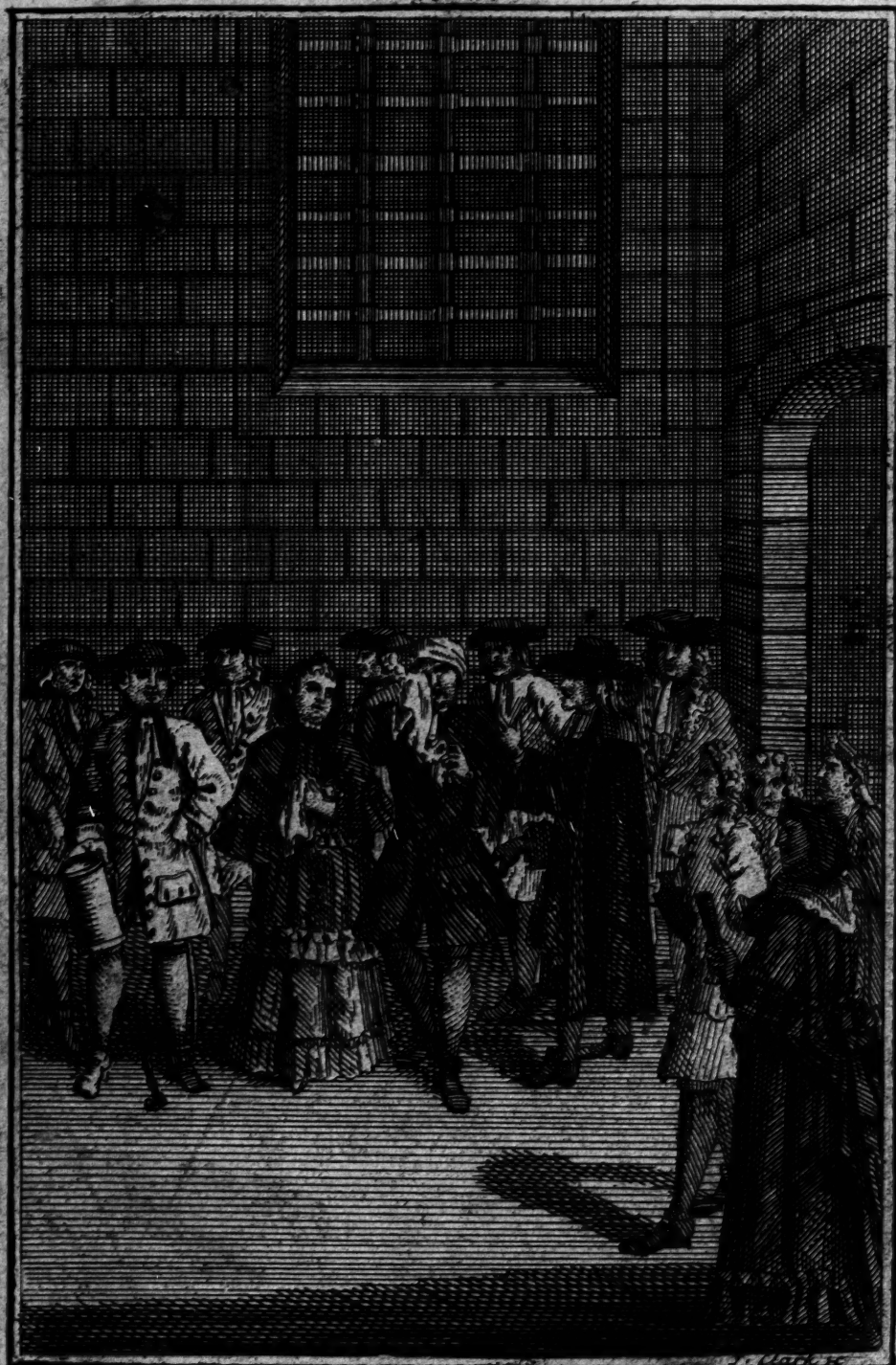
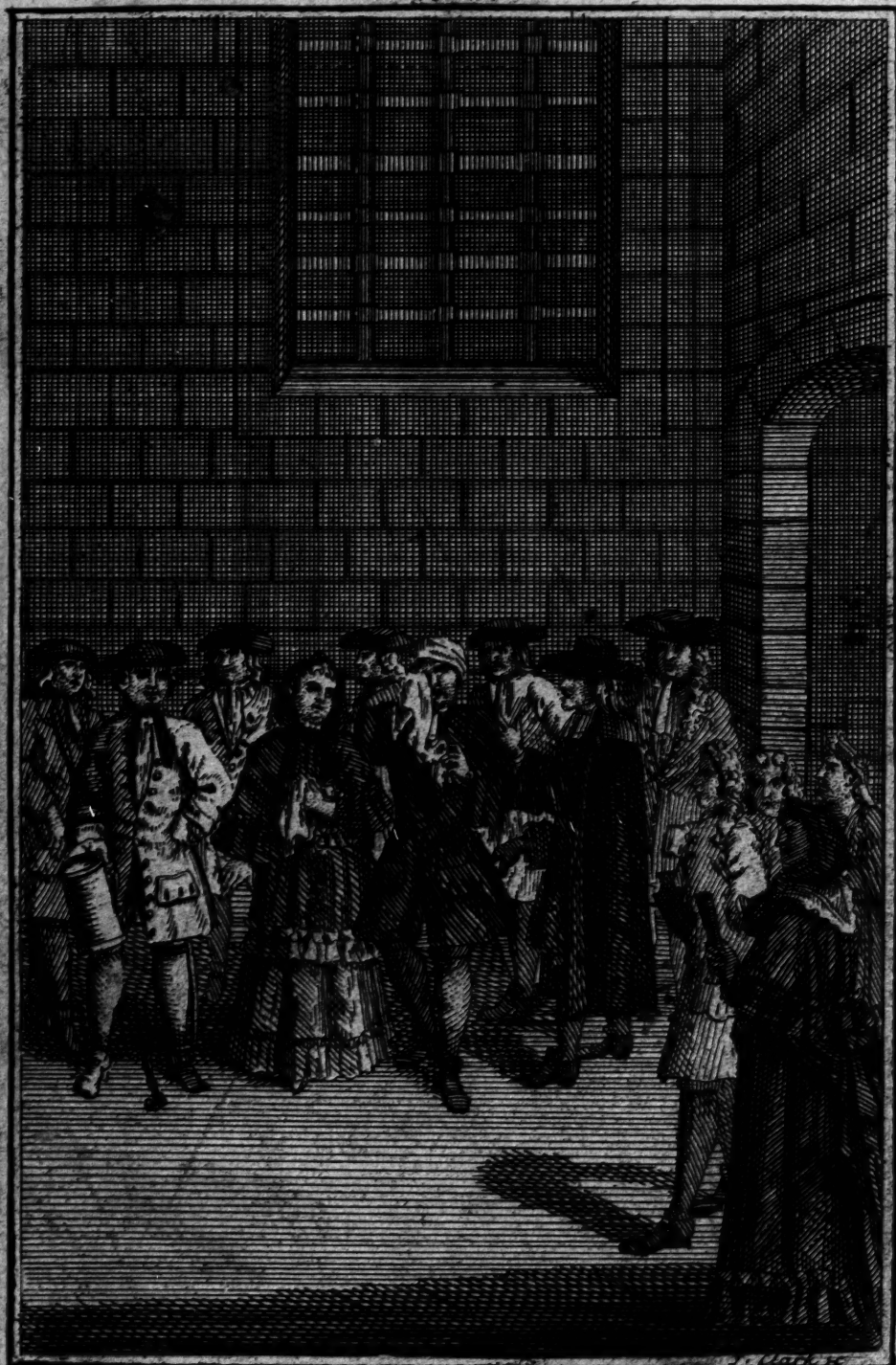


R. Bullock (C.)



R. Bullock (C.)





# Woman's Revenge:

O R, A

Match in *NEWGATE*.

A

## COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

### ROYAL THEATRE

In *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

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The Second Edition.

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To which is added,

A Compleat KEY to the *Beggar's OPERA*,

By PETER PADWELL of *Paddington*, Esq;

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*.

M DCC XXVII.

( Price 1 s. 6. d. )



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N

Mr. Thinkwell, Father to <i>Celia</i> } and Uncle to <i>Miranda</i> .	Mr. Bullock, Sen.
<i>Freeman</i> , in Love with <i>Celia</i> .	Mr. Husbands.
<i>Bevil</i> , in Love with <i>Corinna</i> .	Mr. Thurmond.
<i>Mixum</i> , a Vintner,	Mr. Pack.
<i>Vizard</i> , a notorious Cheat,	Mr. C. Bullock.
<i>Tim</i> , a Servant to <i>Bevil</i> ,	Mr. Spiller.
<i>Solomon</i> , a Barber's Boy,	
<i>Padwell</i> ,	Mr. Spiller.
<i>Harry</i> ,	Mr. Wood.
<i>Jack</i> ,	Mr. Rogers.
<i>Tom</i> ,	Mr. Ogden.
<i>A Fidler</i> ,	Mr. H. Bullock.

### W O M E N.

<i>Celia</i> , in love with <i>Freeman</i> ,	Mrs. Vincent.
<i>Miranda</i> , in Love with <i>Bevil</i> ,	Mrs. Spiller.
<i>Corinna</i> , a Jilt, and former- } ly Mistress to <i>Freeman</i> ,	Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Mother Griffin</i> , an old Bawd,	Mr. Griffin.
Mrs. <i>Mixum</i> .	Mrs. Hunt.



SCENE, Covent Garden.

45. 1. 16. 661.





# PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. THEOBALD.

Spoken by Mr. KEENE.

**I**N vain have Prologues, in keen Satire writ,  
Pretended to Reform the stubborn Pit;  
In vain have Others, penn'd in humbler Strain,  
With artful Flatt'ry sought your Smiles to gain:  
Too late we find, no lashing Censure awes,  
Nor servile Crouchings can command Applause:  
What then remains for Poet, or Play'r, to do,  
When 'tis in vain to Threaten, or to Sue?  
Grant, our Desert no Dues of Praise demands,  
Or on it's arrogant Pretention stands (your Hands.)  
Th' Attempt to Please should find some Favour at  
Perhaps, with Ease, we might one Method use;  
But what we think Unjust, we must refuse.  
Faction too long has strove t'engross the Stage,  
And make it chime with a Degen'rate Age.  
The Ancient Bards, whose Heads the Bays did crown  
E'er Modern Names or Principles were known,  
Mourn that their honest meaning Lines should raise,  
A Clap from Party, not from real Praise.

In

## PROLOGUE.

*In Kindness your forc'd Applications spare,  
Nor wrest them to Conceits, they cannot bear.  
Th' injurious Custom does each Bard disgrace,  
Gives him a Mask, and hides his genuine Face.  
At this rate, might our youthful Author fear,  
His guiltless Phrase should strain'd Constructions wear;  
Because the Farce, which he presents to Night,  
He did upon an Old Foundation write;  
But his sole Aim, is to divert your Spleens,  
With Follies of low Life, and sportive Scenes;  
Where, if there's Humour, you'll forgive him Sense;  
And 'stead of labour'd Lines, with homely Mirth  
(dispence.*







T O

# Pretty Miss POLLY PEACHUM.

*Pretty Polly say,  
What makes Johnny Gay,  
To call, to call, his Newgate-Scenes  
The Beggar's Opera?*

*Silly wretched Man,  
Such a Flame to Fan,  
To think of quenching Lover's Pains,  
That any Dungeon can.*

**B**UT hold me, dear Duck, whither am I running in *Musical Notes*, when my only design is to Forewarn and Admonish thee in *Mournful-guise* of the great Danger we are in, from this Damn'd *Thieves Opera* we are so merry about.

POL—pray retain in your Memory what the honest Cobler says in *Sir Fopling Flutter—Ale and History Master*, &c. for which Reason, take Notice, my Girl, if we are put into the *Crown-Office*, and after that into Jail, for the Sins of other People, that I here enter my *Protest* in *Form* against these *Treasonable Scenes*,

*As they are fully prov'd to be,*  
By Phil. Harmonicus's KEY.

IN the Days of that Immortal STUART, King James the First, there lived one Mr. John Marston who Wrote Eight Plays. One of which call'd, *The Dutch Courtezan*; was Printed in the Year 1605, and eight and Twenty Years

To pretty Miss POLLY PEACHUM.

Years afterwards, 1633, it was reviv'd with great Success under the Title of *The Revenge: Or, A Match in Newgate.*——— And in the Year 1715, being the *Second* Year of King GEORGE the *First*, (God bless his Memory) our dear Brother Mr. *Christopher Bullock*, Re-reviv'd this Comedy, and call'd it *A Woman's Revenge: Or, a Match in Newgate.*

AND now you see, in the *First* Year of King GEORGE the *Second*, that Mr. *John Gay*, who turns the Transactions of all the World into *Fables*, has *Metamorphos'd* Mr. *John Marston's* *Dutch Curtezan*, into the *Dutchess* of——— and your Mother Acts the Part, and does not prove her Marriage.

*Ev'ry Page Gay has writ,  
Tho' 'tis stuff'd up with Metre;  
Points out P——y and Parliament,  
God Bless the Speaker.*

IN short the Truth ought to be told, our Brother *Bullocks's Match in Newgate* is a harmless inoffensive Farce.

*And Dedicated was to me,  
As you may very plainly see.*

THE *Beggars Opera*, Mr. *Gay* stole from Mr. *Bullock*, who only Borrowed it of Mr. *Marston*; and the Law says, The Receiver is as bad as the Thief: Besides it is most certainly a Libel against the K——g and G——t,

*And we shall all be foused for our Folly,  
Lockit. Macheath, Padwell, Peachum Polly,  
By other folks Crimes, let us Learn to beware,  
And keep our own Nodles, Girl, out of the Snare.*

*Paddington,  
St. David's Day,*

1728.

PETER PADWELL.



~~DEAR JEMMY,~~

T O M Y  
M E R R Y F R I E N D

And Brother Comedian

Mr. J A M E S S P I L L E R.

Dear Femmy,

**M**Y Choice of you for a Patron, will acquit me of those detestable Characters which most of our modern Authors are obnoxious to, from their fulsome Dedications; I mean a Mercenary, and a Flatterer: My prefixing your Name to these Sheets will clear me of the Former, and there is no Fear of incurring the Scandal of the Latter, since the greatest Encomiums which my humble Pen could draw out, come far short of your just Praise. I could expatiate on your many excellent Virtues, your Chastity, your Temperance, your Generosity, your exemplary Piety, and your judicious and fashionable Management in your conjugal Affairs: But since I am so well acquainted of  
your

## *The Dedication.*


your Aversion to Reading, I shall content my self with acknowledging the many Obligations I have to you, particularly for your good Performance in this Farce, especially in your last Part; I mean that of *Padwell*; in which you was a shining Ornament to the Scene of *Newgate*: And you must not think I flatter you, when I tell you, you have a natural Impudence proper to the Character, and became your Fetters as well as any, who ever wore them. And I am sorry I could not without giving Offence to the Criticks, and deviating too far from the Rules of Comedy, bring you to *Tyburn*, for the better Diversion of the Audience; but I hope you are satisfied with my good Wishes, and will give me leave to subscribe my self,

*Your Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

**Christopher Bullock.**





A

# Match in NEW GATE.

A

## COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Freeman, and Mixum the Vintner.*

*Freeman.* **H**OW now, Robin Mixum!  
What makes thee in this  
Confusion? What's the Mat-  
ter?

*Mixum.* O, Sir, the most villainous Piece  
of Roguery,—not of my own, Sir,—but that  
Rogue of all Rogues, *Vizard's* committing:  
I'll tell you, Sir, how it was; that Villain,  
*Vizard*, who has more Tricks than a Jesuit,  
and wou'd make an Ass of the Devil, came  
to my House one Night, and with him a Wo-  
man, whom he told me he had married, and  
that she was a great Fortune; upon which I  
grew extremely civil: He order'd the Cloth  
to be laid; which was done while you cou'd  
Whistle, bespoke a Supper, which was upon

B

the

the Table in a Trice: He gave me a Bill of twenty Pounds, and desired the Money of me; the Goldsmith living too far to send to at that Time, I willingly gave him the Money, took his Bill, and withdrew: Then enters a blind Harper, and cries, Do you lack any Musick? He cries, play; the Harper uncases, the Drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he wou'd be private with the Gentlewoman; and 'tis *Sam's* Part, you know, Sir, to wink at such Things.

*Free.* Right, and civil.

*Mix.* Well, Sir, having eat the Supper, and perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper, whose Eyes Heaven had shut from beholding Wickedness, opens the Casement to the Street, very patiently packs up my Plate, naturally thrusts the Woman out of the Window, and himself, with the most acute Dexterity, leaps after her: The blind Harper plays on, bids the empty Dishes, much good may do them, and plays on still; the Drawer returns, cries, D'ye call, Sir? But out, alas, the Birds were flown, Sir, flown; Laments were rais'd.—

*Free.* Which did not pierce the Heavens.

*Mix.* *Sam* cries out; my Wife, in the Bar, hears the Noise; she bawls out, I heard her, and thunder'd, the Boys flew like Lightning, and all was in Confusion; my Plate being gone, and the Thief after it, I bethought me of my Bill, ran with all speed to the Goldsmiths to receive my Money;——— but alas, the Bill prov'd forg'd, I was seiz'd, *Vizard* run away, my Word wou'd not be taken, I was found guilty of Forgery, lost my Reputation,



*A Match in Newgate.*

3

tation, and was put in the Pillory for being cheated.

*Free.* Was it impossible to find him?

*Mix.* Sir, he walks invisible; you might as soon find Truth in a Gamester, Sincerity in a Lawyer, or Honour in a Poet; he changes his Dress and his Lodgings, as often as a Whore does her Name and her Lovers: I'll e'en go home, and comfort myself and my Wife; and for that Rogue *Vizard*, I hope I shall live to see him hang'd in Hemp of his own beating. [Exit

*Free.* This is a most exemplary piece of Justice: This Vintner I know to be a Knave, one that has Cunning enough to cheat all that put Faith in him, and Wit enough to avoid the Punishment of his own Crimes, but by the Malignity of Fortune, is ever suffering for other Men's Roguery: Ha, here comes the ambo-dexterous Knave! So, Mr. *Vizard*, you are in great Haste, upon a hot Scen<sup>r</sup>, I find, in Quest of your Prey; What Darling of Fortune are you going to run down?

*Viz.* Fie, Mr. *Freeman*, you shou'd not judge so hard of a poor Man.

*Free.* The Accusation of *Robin Mixum* the Vintner, concerning the forg'd Bill, will give your Acquaintance just Cause to distrust your Morals.

*Viz.* Sir, there is not a greater Rogue in the whole Company of Vintners.

*Free.* The World, I believe, is pretty well apprised of his Honesty; but his being a Knave, is no Proof of your Innocence; you

shou'd have appear'd in Court, and disprov'd his scandalous Accusation.

*Viz.* Villainy, Sir, is ever most fertile in Invention, while Innocence often suffers, and by Surprize is made incapable of Defence: The Rogue knew very well I did not dare to confront him in Court, by reason I had a swinging Action out against me; so he took the Advantage of my Misfortune, to vindicate his Reputation, by the Aspersions of mine: The Villain deprives me of my Livelihood, by unjustly possessing an Estate of two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, that my Father mortgag'd to him for a thousand Pounds, which he spent again in his House, and had nothing for it but bad Wine and gross Flattery, and now he wou'd rob me of my good Character.

*Free.* Which you have been a Stranger to these twelve Months.— Come, come, your scandalous Practices, your Cheats and Tricks are pretty well known; consider, you have but few Friends, little Reputation, and less Money; and if you shou'd be taken hold on by the Law, and convicted, you'd hardly escape its Punishment.

*Viz.* That's owing to the Corruption of the Age: For as you seem to intimate, few Men, indeed, suffer for Dishonesty, but for Poverty, many: The greatest Part of Mankind being Rogues within, or without the Law, so that little Thieves are hang'd for the Security of great ones. Take my Word, Sir, there are greater Rogues ride in their own Coaches, than any that walk on Foot; a poor Fellow shall



shall be hang'd for Stealing to support Life, while many solemn Villains, with surpercilious Faces, and brush'd Beavers, that plunder whole Families, are complimented with the Title of Right Worshipful.

*Free.* I wonder that a Man of your Understanding, and one that has run thro' so good a Fortune, can be contented with a Livelihood, got by such scandalous Practices; 'tis a Disgrace both to your Birth and Education: Have you no Friend that——

*Viz.* When I had Money, I had many Professors; but Necessity is the Touchstone of Friends. I have learn'd, Sir, at a severe Expence, that Friendship is but a Shadow that attends the Sunshine of our Prosperity, which once overclouded, with adverse Fortune, the other strait becomes invisible.

*Free.* I am too well assur'd of your Misfortune in that Respect, but endeavour to maintain a good Reputation, and you stand fair for Preferment; you are very well qualify'd for a Place, and have Merit enough to countenance your Pretentions.

*Viz.* Sir, with submission, I find you have studied Books more than Men, you know what shou'd give a Man a Pretention to prefer himself, but are ignorant in what does; alas, Sir, the antient Theory of Vertue is quite revers'd, and he that has the most Money is now the worthiest Man: Every Thing is to be sold; both ends of the Town are become Markets, and Consciences rise and fall, at *Westminster*, as Stocks do in *'Change-Alley*.

*Free.* You are very Satirical, but I have made an Observation, that the greatest Knaves

are the most severe Judges; they view all Mankind in the false mirror of their own Actions; and when they can't defend their Villanies, think to extenuate them by pleading the Example of their Betters.

*Viz.* You mistake me, Sir, I am of a contrary Opinion, for if Example cou'd justify Actions, there cou'd be no Thieves; Possession wou'd then be the only Right; Children might turn their Fathers out of Doors, Subjects call their Sovereigns to Account, Usurpers plead a Divine-Right, and the greatest Villanies wou'd become lawful; I cou'd say more, Sir, but great Men's Vices must be sacred— where *Scandalum Magnatum* is punish'd with such Severity, and Money is an Argument to prove Black White, poor Men dare not speak the Truth of their Betters: In this Age there are more Funeral Sermons, than Satires.

*Free.* I can't say but in some Measure your Observation is just, few Men having the Sense to bear honest Satire as they ought.

*Viz.* Sir, give me leave to recommend this small Treatise to your perusal, 'tis call'd, *Beware of a Knave*; 'tis a true Description of Mankind, written originally in *Spanish*, by an excellent Master, in the thriving art of *Chicane*.  
(*Gives him a Book.*)

*Free.* What shou'd I do with it? Think'st thou I am so base to study such vile Arts, or so indigent as to practise 'em?

*Viz.* I mean no Reflection on your Honour or Fortune; but in these couzening Times, 'tis more necessary to study other Men, than our selves; and 'tis proper to know false Dice, tho'



tho' a Man scorns to make use of them: Ay, Sir, there's many a Man, perhaps that you think honefter than myself, wou'd, if Opportunity serv'd, look in your Face, and pick your Pocket.— Time and Experience will confirm you in the Truth of what I say: [*Picks his Pocket.*] The Age is quite alter'd, Interest is now the Standard of most Men's Actions, and every Thing accounted Vertuous that promotes it; a Man's Prosperity is now the only Mark of his Wisdom and Honesty, while ill Fortune and old Cloaths, make a Man suspected for a Fool, or a Rogue: Besides, Sir, for a Man to aim at Preferment, with nothing but a good Reputation, wou'd be as fruitless as to sue for an Estate in *Forma Pauperis*: Merit, Sir, gives a Man no Title to Advancement; Preferment, Sir, like a Common-Whore, was ever courted with Presents.

*Free.* I wish it were otherwise,—— however, the worst of Times can't make an Impression on true Vertue, for that's a Rock, which stands immoveable in the most violent Storms of Fortune:—— There's somewhat for you, and all I have about me Faith at present: Be honest, and I shall be proud to serve you. [*Exit.*]

*Viz.* A civil Fellow Faith; I pick his Pocket, and he generously rewards my Ingenuity:—— Be honest, ha, ha, ha, I thank you, Sir, I love no such starving Vertue: I shou'd be proud to serve you! No, I despise a Life dependant on others Courtesy: There are Fools enow in the World for witty Men to strike their Fortunes out of, and he only de-

serves to live, that has an Art, to extract Gold out of Lead. [Exit,

*Scene changes. Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* The Devil take this Woman, I say, for thus transforming my Master: For a Man of Sense to fall in love with a Prostitute; one that he knows is common too, is such a Madness! If he thought she were vertuous it were some Excuse for his Folly: Sure never Man was so alter'd; he has not been in Bed all Night, but lies where I left him eight Hours ago, stretch'd out upon a Couch, but the Devil a wink he sleeps——— nor is he awake, but lies like a Man in a Trance, between both; If I go into him, he falls a Swearing, if I go from him, he falls a Singing; for my part, I can't tell whether he is in Pain, or Pleasure—cod-so, he's mov'd at last.

*Enter Bevil.*

*Bev.* Why are Prostitutes held such odious Things? *Corinna's* beautiful as the most Chaste; Can Custom spoil what Nature made so good? If so, the Beasts, and Birds, are happier far than Man, in whom an in-born Heat is held no Sin; Custom makes them not blush, nor Shame restrains, or curbs their generous Passions: How vastly then do they transcend poor wretched Man, whom National Custom, the Tyrannous Respect of slavish Order, fetters; calling that Sin in us, which in all else is highest Vertue.

*Tom.*



*Tom.* 'Tis a strange Thing, that a Man shou'd be blind with his Eyes wide open,—— Sir, pray hear me a little, and don't let your Passion overcome your Reason; 'tis want of Philosophy makes Men fall in Love, but sure nothing less than want of common Sense cou'd suffer a Man to grow passionately fond of a Whore, as you, Sir, know *Corinna* is; that she has been kept by your intimate Friend, Mr. *Freeman*, and now left and despis'd by him.

*Bev.* Impudent Scoundrel, dare you offer your Advice?

*Tom.* Sir, I am your poor Servant, and you may call my Love what you please; but I must be your Friend, and will be your Friend: I can't be dumb, and suffer you to run headlong into your own Ruin, (for nothing is more certain, if you indulge this dangerous Passion for such a vile Woman) read your Histories, study your Philosophers, examine your Poets, and you shall see how full their Writings are of the wicked Examples of Lewd Women: Consult with *Seneca*, hearken to *Aristotle*, they'll inform you of their Tricks, their Baseness, their Wantonness, their Tears, their Treachery, their Ingratitude, their Impudence, their Inconstancy, their Swearing, and Forswearing, their Turnings and Windings, and all their Deceits: O, Sir, Women are the most giddy uncertain Motions under Heaven, and he is happiest that has the least to do with 'em.

*Bev.* How cam'st thou by all this Philosophy.

*Tom.* Sir, all is not white that differs from black, nor is all Gold that glisters; I say have a care of this Woman, and indeed of all Women;

men; they do Things too hard for any Man to understand; they'll give you Cause to love 'em to day, and Reason to hate 'em to morrow; they'll like you this Minute, and hate you the next; they'll please you in private, and torment you in publick: they'll draw you secretly in at their windows, and rail at you openly in the streets; they are quickly won, and quickly lost; soon pleas'd, and as soon displeas'd; they'll invite you to 'em, and bid you be gone; call you, and yet exclude you; they'll give you roast-meat, and beat you with the spit.

*Bev.* I know not, by what strange fate I am hurried, but I must enjoy her, let whatever Inconveniences attend it. [Exit.

*Tom.* What squint-ey'd Star is it, that has rob'd my Master of his Wits? O *Cupid*, how unsearchable are thy Mysteries? Now may my Curse go with her; may she live to grow blind with desire, senseless with use, despis'd after, flatter'd before, hated always, trusted never, abhor'd ever,—and lastly, may she live to wear a foul Smock seven Weeks together, Heaven I beseech thee.

*Scene Changes. Enter Mother Griffin, and Corinna*

*M. Griff.* Nay, good, sweet honey Daughter, do not indulge thy Passion thus: You hear *Freeman* is to be married, true; he has abus'd you, right; he has cast you off, ay, he will leave you to the World, what then? tho' blue, and white, black and green leave you, may not red and yellow entertain you? Is there but one colour in the Rain-bow?

*Cor.*



*Cor.* Cease your sententious Nonsense, let me go loose as the Winds, when Mad, when raging Mad; 'twas you that first seduc'd me; swore that he lov'd me, and wou'd eternally; and when my Vertue had resolv'd me good, you besieg'd it round with Tales of *Freeman*, repeated all his Charms so often o'er, my Heart began to yield, and Vertue fade like Flowers with too much heat, which when you saw, you told him my strength, and how he best might Conquer; and he, O, lovely Tyrant! found it true, and never ceas'd 'till he had vanquish'd all: Leave me thou Witch, that hast brought my Soul and Body all to nothing.

*M. Griff.* How can you have the Conscience to belye my Industry thus? To nothing! I'll be sworn I have brought you to all the things I could, I have made as much of you, as a Woman of any Conscience cou'd do, I help'd you to no ill Chapman, Mistress, none of your swaggering Rakes that sin *gratis*, that compound with Glass-windows for Venery, and bully a Woman into compliance; or Lawyers Clerks, your pitiful Half-crown sinners; but your worthy Citizens, such as were able to pay well for their Pastime.

*Cor.* I'll be reveng'd, nothing but dire Revenge shall satiate my Rage; methinks I am inspir'd with manly Strength, a bloody Courage swells my rising Heart, and I shall act some wond'rous Mischief: And yet to see him bleed, he that has sworn so many tender Things, and breath'd 'em all in Kisses on my Bosom; but now all those, and thousands new invented, he offers to another Mistress,—I die, and cannot bear that Thought: Why did'st thou?

thou? Tell me, why did'st thou praise this Monster.

*M. Griff.* I did praise him, I confess I did praise him; I said he was a Fool, a Spendthrift, a true Whore-master, a constant Drab-keeper; but what, the Wind is turn'd, the Fellow is grown wiser on the suddain: But what, will not his Friend *Bevil* go down with you, he is a wealthy Fellow, is almost out of his Wits for Love of thee, his Purse will never be shut to thee; then he's a fine Gentleman, and I'll be sworn a strong one, or I have lost my skill; he has a Leg like a Post, a Brow like a Bull, and a Nose of most fair expectation.

*Cor.* I hate *Bevil* for his Friend's sake, and cou'd I murder all that know him, my Revenge wou'd do it: I cannot live without that perjur'd *Freeman*, nor shall he live long to boast his Infidelity: I'll have his Throat cut before I sleep, if possible: O, I cou'd curse the happy *Celia*, whose Charms have rob'd me of his Heart.

*Enter Bevil.*

*Bev.* What clouded in Grief my fair *Corinna*? In such a sorrow sat the Queen of Love, when in the Woods she mourn'd her young *Adonis's* Death, and from her Chrystal-dropping-eyes, did pay a Lover's Obsequy: Light of my Soul, my Heart's refined part, why dost thou weep, why like distilling Roses waste, dissolving thus thy Beauties to a Dew?

*Cor.* O, 'tis not in the Power of Eloquence to ease my tortur'd Heart; talk not of Love, it is most hateful to me; I can no more give  
Credit



Credit to your deluding Sex, whose Pride is to deceive.

*Rev.* Condemn not all our Sex, for the Inconstancy of one: Indeed I cannot play the Dissembler, and court thy Beauties like one whose Love hangs on his loose Tongue:

*Cor.* Just so he talk'd, and I fond Fool, believ'd, and tir'd him out with Love: but you are all false, inconstant, faithless Tyrants, and betrayers even in that very Minute that you gain us.

*Rev.* Come, come, you must consent; this Body sure was form'd for Love's sweet Exercise:—O! how she fires my Soul!

[*Embracing her.*]

*M. Griff.* Ah, Ah, Ah, cunning Gipsy, how she works him up by Degrees; well, if I had bred her from my own Body, she cou'd not have been more like me; she has her Trade to a hair, Ay faith:—Now have those little impudent black Eyes of hers, star'd him out of his Understanding:—Well, 'tis a strange Thing, but 'tis a true Thing, that Men of the best Understanding are the easiest impos'd on by our Sex; and Beauty, Wit, or good Humour, are of no force against Ignorance, from which I draw this Paradox, that Fools are wise Men, in the Affairs of Women:—See, see, how prettily she manages him, her Eyes bid him come on, and her Hands keep him off; the best way in the World to shut up his Understanding, and open his Purse.

*Cor.* This Man, whom I abhor, through all my Rage, I see has a Passion for me; raise it ye Powers, till it become so high, to be employ'd

a fatal Instrument in my Revenge—[*Aside*]  
Nay pray Sir, leave the neglected:

*Bev.* Can such a Beauty be neglected? O happy, happy *Freeman*, who uncontrol'd may range o'er such a Field of Love, suck from thy balmy Lips Ambrosial Sweets, and stifle in the fragrancy of Charms.

*M. Griff.* Ay, there was a Rapture for you; that's twenty Guineas more in our way, if she is Rhetorick Proof, and don't consent too soon; but these same sugar Words, a pox on 'em, have a strange Effect upon Youth, and are too apt to open a Woman's Inclinations, if she be not well grounded in her Vocation.

*Cor.* O, my poor forsaken Heart!

*M. Griff.* Ay, marry, that Sigh was artfully flung in; that moves Pity, and Pity is the Bellows of Love, which blows, and blows, the Fire up by degrees; see, if she has not made it flame out of his Eyes already?

*Bev.* Reason's Efforts are vain, I am my Passion's Slave, and cannot quit this scornful Woman: Alas, *Corinna*, why dost thou waste those precious Drops in Memory of a false ungrateful Man? Sorrow will fade the rosy Tincture in thy Cheeks, and blast thy springing Beauties: He saw thee not who left thee, such Charms cou'd not be seen, and slighted; lift up thy Eyes, and see in me, a Man that dotes upon thee; O, I am all Faith, all Constancy!

*M. Griff.* So, now she should begin to dissolve a little, there's an Art, in all Trades; in ours, it is the greatest part to know when to come on, and when to stand off: The Man's  
Passion



Passion is now at the Top, and Things cannot long stand at the Top; it is an old Observation I have made, that when the Pot boils over, it cools it self:—But then the Fat's all in the Fire.—Ay! that is as it should be—the should encourage him a little or the hot Fit will be over, and he'll degenerate into cool Reason again.

*Cor.* Perswade me not; O, I can never Love again.

*Bev.* My Love grows high, and rages in me like a Storm; believe my Vows, but you have been deceived that way already: Therefore thou dear, thou lovely injur'd fair One, credit my plain Sincerity, I will be grateful in what way you please, take me to your Embraces.

*Cor.* And do you take me, then for such a Creature, that have no Sense, but Appetite, the brutal part of Love? I am not yet abandon'd to such Wretchedness.

*Bev.* Forgive me, who too hastily run o'er what ought to have been gravely told of my vast Passion, and came too rudely on the wish'd-for Part, 'tis the Effect of youthful Ignorance, of hot Desire, and eager to be Happy.

*Cor.* Think on the Sin:

*Bev.* 'Tis none, but a vile Imposition on the Law of Nature, contriv'd by cunning avaricious Fathers, to stop the rapid Tide of generous Love, and tye it down to sordid Interest: What did Creation make a Woman for, but pleasure? And Pleasure is the End of all we either do or wish: Desire is a Law, set down by Nature's Council, and not to be disputed:

*M. Griff.* Ay marry, there's Logick! there's an Argument to encourage Trading in our Way: Marry if I had not left my Pencil, and Pocket-Book, at the Meeting last Sabbath-Day, I would have taken it down in short-hand:

*Cor.* Think how you'll suffer in your Reputation?

*Bev.* No matter what the Fools of Form shall say, nothing is bad, or good, but by Opinion, and that was ever blind, or partial; I love to please my self, and not the World, I chuse not with others Reason, but my own Eyes; they point out you, as my supremest good: Dull Custom I despise, I'll follow Nature's Laws; Beauty was made for use, it gives Desire, Desire is natural, and what is natural cannot be a Sin.

*M. Griff.* An excellent Doctor of Fornication I vow, and argues very learnedly for its Practice.

*Cor.* Well, I will consent—shall I?

*M. Griff.* Ay! that's prettily acted, to the Life, the Girl has nickt her Cue.

*Cor.* Shall I, or can I trust again? O, Fool, how natural 'tis for Women to believe? But will you not be false, shall not Possession pall?

*Bev.* Possession pall! O no, my Love shall still increase, still grow upon Enjoyment; upon thy Lips I swear, by this, and this, and all the thrilling Joys to come, no time shall languish my Affection, or Fruition satiate.

*M. Griff.* So, so, the Articles are Sign'd, I'll leave 'em to exchange the Preliminaries by themselves. *[Exit.]*

*Cor.* Can you believe this Heart, that has been



been us'd so ill already, can trust on feeble Vows? Will you be bravely kind? And as a Proof of your avow'd Affection, resolve to do a Deed, which wou'd shake a Soul that is not fix'd in Love.?

*Bev.* If within my Power, suppose it done:

*Cor.* Yes, — but 'tis no matter — O, *Bevil*, how have you stol'n into my Heart — indeed I do not love *Freeman*.

*Bev.* Then I am Happy.

*Cor.* Nay, I hate him.

*Bev.* You make me blest.

*Cor.* I wish he were not your Friend, for I hate him, by this kiss I do.

*Bev.* I love to feel such Oaths, swear again:

*Cor.* O *Bevil*, I have made a Vow.

*Bev.* What Vow, my Charmer?

*Cor.* I dare not tell, — endeavour to forget me, as I must to forget Mankind.

*Bev.* Speak, — rack me not thus with thy unkind Delay.

*Cor.* As long as *Freeman* lives, I must not, cannot, dare not Love.

*Bev.* Then he must die. —

*Cor.* Wou'd I were any Thing, so he were dead:

*Bev.* Will you be mine when he is dead?

*Cor.* Will I! yes, by my Hope of dear *Revenge* I will, and only yours, inviolably yours.

*Bev.* Why then he dies, 'tis as irrevocable as Breath.

*Cor.* Now I am sure you love me. —

*Bev.* Beyond Expression, Words are too poor to paint the Transport of my Heart: O! let me clasp thee in my desiring Arms, and dedicate this happy Moment unto Love. —

*Cor.* *Bevil* forbear, I'll not infringe my Vow ; while *Freeman* lives, you shall not take Possession of my Love, and of his Death this Token I require : He has a Ring dear to him as his own Breath, a Pledge of Love from his fair *Celia* ; I have often try'd with cunning Art, to get it from him : But even in the softest Hours of Love, when I thought his Heart was mine by his protesting Tongue, he still refus'd me, swearing his Life and That must part together ; — now bring me this Ring, and then you shall not ask aught of me that I'll deny :

*Bev.* What, kill a Man ! my Friend too ! — let me not think on it — Reason avaunt, Love commands my Heart — Madam farewell, I'll give a fatal Proof how well I Love. [Exit.

*Cor.* Mischief succeed, my Heart swells high for my *Revenge*, — the Friend will kill his Friend, him that survives I'll hang — then the Ring, — that gives my Malice larger Scope, even to the vexing of fair *Celia's* Heart. —

*The Hate which from neglected Love proceeds,  
Out-does, at length, the most inveterate Deeds.*

*In me, the World shall know the worst of Evils ;  
Woman forsaken, is the worst of Devils.* [Exit.

*Enter Mr. Thinkwell and Freeman.*

*Think.* Sir, I am very well satisfied ; you need not make any Apology : If my Daughter likes you as well for a Husband, as I like you for a Son-in-law, you shall be as happy as you please to think your self.

*Free.* I am only sorry (not for my own, but *Celia's* sake) that my Fortune is not equal to my Love.

*Think.*



*Think.* Look ye, Sir, if my Daughter likes your Person, the smallness of your Fortune shan't forbid the Banns; a good Husband is a Fortune I say: Understanding is better than Land, and I had much rather marry my Daughter to a Man that wants Money, than to Money that wants a Man.

*Free.* Sir, this is a Blessing —

*Think.* That's as it proves — look ye, young Fellow, no set Speeches; 'tis a strange Thing that a Man can't ask a Father's Consent to marry his Daughter, but he must put on a dull serious Face, and make his Way with a melancholy Apology: Why can't Fathers and Sons be good Companions? Once more, young Man, I give you my Consent; my Daughter is young; and of the *Feminine* Sex, desire to Marriage rides Post; she's a good humour'd Girl, and does not want Understanding: She has some Inclination for you I believe, by what I have heard and seen; so if you can make one another happy in your Loves, I'll make you both happy in a good Fortune.

*Free.* If I can make my way to *Celia's* Heart, I shall be the happiest of Mankind.

*Think.* If a good Word of mine will do thee a Service, thou shalt not want it, for I like thee, and think thee a proper Match for my Daughter; I am entirely for having an Agreement of Years, and Hearts in Marriage; I am not so old, to forget I was once young, which makes me cautious how I impose upon my Child's Love; I wou'd not have her Heart and her Hand divided; tho' Love is very little consulted in the Marriages now-a-days: *Cupid's* Arrows are headed with Gold; If the Estates agree, no matter

for the Affections, the Church has very little to do in the Ceremony, the more's the shame, for the Lawyers are the Priests, and Bonds and Indentures the Banns of Matrimony, which causes so many Husbands and Wives to go different Ways: But, young Man, here has been Tears shed upon your Account, but that's under the Rose; here was a naughty Woman, of your Acquaintance Yesterday with my Daughter, I wish you have done honourably by that Creature.

*Free.* Sir, that Woman is the vilest of her Sex, I confess I have had an Affair with her, and now I have broke it off, she pursues me with an implacable Hatred.

*Think.* Well, well, we have all had our Follies, every one must have his Time of Probation, and I like a Man who knows the World, Experience is the best Schoolmaster; you'll know the Value of a Virtuous Woman the better, by having been acquainted with a Vicious one, for good and bad, are only known by comparison; but I am inform'd your Friend *Bevil*, is grown passionately fond of her.

*Free.* Even to madness; I never knew a Man of Sense so besotted

*Think.* *Bevil* has not acted like a Man of Honour in his behaviour to my Neice, his Love to that Creature has robb'd him of his good Manners, as well as his Sense, or he might have made some tolerable Excuse for his Neglect of the Girl; tho' she carries it off with good Humour, and I hope Time, and Reflection of his Injustice will deface the Impression he has made on her Heart.

*Free.* Sir, I am certain *Bevil* is a Man of Honour,



nour, tho' he is bewitch'd to this pernicious Woman at present, and will, I am sure, approve himself to your, and fair *Miranda's* satisfaction.

*Think.* Your Pardon, Sir, I do not think so; I know how to resent an Injury; But here comes my Daughter —

*Enter Celia.*

So *Celia*, a good Morning to you Child: Here is an Acquaintance of yours has been asking me to accept of him for a Son-in-law; I won't put you to the Blush, by asking you if you can like him; tho' that's a kind of a tell-tale Look, my Dear, and if I have not forgot the Language of the Eyes, I can tell how your Heart beats.

*Cel.* Lord, Father, this is so surprizing —

*Think.* P'sha, P'sha, what, you have not dream'd of a Husband to Night, I warrant you: — Well, well *Celia*, without more ado, if you have any Love to dispose of, here's your Chapman, and if you can give him your Heart, I'll give him my Consent, and a Coral for your first Boy: — Well, I'll leave you, for I find I do but spo'il Sport: — Up to her young Fellow, and attack her briskly, cut a Caper into her Heart, — Zooks, methinks I long to see you in Bed together, — well I'll leave open the Door of Opportunity, and *Cupid* speed you [Exit.

*Free.* Now *Celia*, this is a Happiness beyond our Expectations.

*Cel.* Now am I sorry my Father has given his Consent,

*Free.* How *Celia*! Are you sorry he has given his Consent?

*Cel.* Yes, for methinks I don't like you half so well now; there's a Pleasure in overcoming Difficulties, and I shou'd strangely like to be run away with.

*Free.* This is all Romance; when shall be the happy Day, my Charmer?

*Cel.* Ay, now 'tis my Charmer, I wish Matrimony don't make me your Tormenter: Marriage is a bold Venture, for Husbands are like Benefits in a Lottery, Forty Blanks to a Prize.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Mr. *Bevil* is below, and desires to speak with you immediately, about important Business.

*Free.* Desire him to walk up — with your leave, Madam — *[Exit Serv.]*

*Cel.* By all means I'll leave you for the present, and go to comfort my Cousin, with the come News of the Prodigal's Return — *[Exit.]*

*Enter Bevil.*

*Free.* So my Friend, what News from *Babylon*? How does the Woman of Sin?

*Bev.* O *Freeman*! Sure Nature never before produc'd so damn'd a Devil.

*Free.* Which way does the Wind sit now?

*Bev.* I have escap'd falling into the worst of Mischiefs; I have been tempted to thy Death, and in my Heat of Passion, inflam'd with wild Desire, and robb'd of Reason, by her bewitching Charms, I vow'd to kill thee.

*Free.*



*Free.* What is the Rampant Strumpet grown mad for the loss of her Man? Now do you consider, *Bevil*, what you might have done, urg'd by your Love, and her inveterate Malice? Then think betimes, and let this drive her from your Heart: How canst thou neglect the proffer'd Love of fair *Miranda*, and court the lewd Embraces of so vile a Creature?

*Bev.* I must pity poor *Miranda*; but O, my Friend! That Creature, vile as she is, has got into my Heart, and Reason cannot drive her thence.—You have a Ring.—

*Free.* Which she wou'd have?

*Bev.* Ay, and thy Heart too; and as a Proof that I had kill'd you, she commanded me to bring that Ring, which she was well assur'd you wou'd part with Life first, for which Deed, and only which, I shou'd possess her Love.

*Free.* And then you vow'd to kill your Friend?

*Bev.* My Passion, not I; for when my Reason interpos'd, I cou'd not bear to look upon my self: I am almost mad, to think I doat upon a Body, whose Soul I know to be so hideous black; O, that I cou'd master my impatient Appetite!

*Free.* You may, you can, your Virtue having time to think, and fortifie her weaken'd Powers with Reason, and Divine Discourse will stifle this low and sensual Fire.

*Bev.* O, no, my Friend, in heat of Blood there's no Religion; nor Reason in Desire: I fear I shall be urg'd to act some Deed, whose very Name is hideous: I dare not trust my self.

*Free.* No?

*Bev.* It is my Fate; I must enjoy her.

*Free.* You shall, here take this Ring, show it to that fair Devil, it will confirm her that I am

kill'd ; which Report, with my artificial Absence, will make good.

*Bev.* But if it be given out that you are slain, and that by me, I shall be seiz'd ; Where shall I find you ?

*Free.* At our Friend the Goldsmith ; I dare trust him with the Design.

*Bev.* Farewel, my Friend, every Man has his Follies. — — — — — *[Exit.]*

*Free.* Now Repentance, the Scourge of Fools, o'er-take thee ; I'll be thine ; but not thy Vice's Friend, no Goldsmith shall see me : I'll hide where none shall find : I'll make thee know, and feel thy Errors in the severest Sense, and into the worst, and vilest of Dangers, thou shalt fall.

*[Exit.]*



A C T





ACT II.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.

*Viz.* **A** Pox of all Dice; I wish I cou'd for-  
swear touching a Box again while I  
live; for what I get by other Men's Folly, I  
lose by my own: Let me see; the Silver Tan-  
kard, which I stole from *Mixum* the Vintner, (as  
great a Rogue as my self) I sold for five and  
twenty Pounds, which I lost at Hazard in two  
Hours, and now I don't know where to eat;  
Necessity is the Mother of Invention; I have  
cheated all my Acquaintance over and over  
again, and am as poor now as when I was honest;  
I have but one poor solitary Shilling left.—O,  
here comes a Barber's Boy, his Bason and Ra-  
zors will purchase a Dinner.

*Enter Solomon.*

How now, my Lad! Where art thou going?

*Sol.* To shave Mr. *Mixum*, Sir.

*Viz.* O, that's well, I was just going to your  
Master's.

*Sol.* To my Father's, you mean, I believe,  
Sir?

*Viz.* Ay, right, thy Father's, you are a pretty  
Boy; I have heard Mr. *Mixum*, my Friend, com-  
mend thee much.—

*Sol.* He is my Godfather, Sir.

*Viz.* Is he, is he? Well, and what is thy  
Name?

*Sol.*

*Sol.* My Name is *Solomon Smack*.

*Viz.* A wise Boy, I assure you ; well *Solomon*, I was just going to thy Father's, to borrow an Apron, a Bason, and Razors to shave Mr. *Mixum*, out of a Frolick ; so now I have met thee, I'll take thine. [Offers to take 'em.]

*Sol.* O dear, Sir, what do you mean ?

*Viz.* No Harm, my Lad, only a Frolick ; — I'll get thee, in the mean time, to step to the Sign of the *Crown*, at the End of the Street, and tell the Gentleman who waits there for me, I desire him to come to me at Mr. *Mixum's* House, my Name is *Trueman*, and here is Sixpence for thy Pains ; I'll leave thy Bason and Things for thee, at thy God-father's.

*Sol.* Thank you kindly, Sir ; I'll make haste.

[Exit.]

*Viz.* So, this happens luckily, by this I get Admittance to *Mixum's* Chamber, and if I can fix my Birdlime Fingers upon any Thing that's moveable, I'm sure my Conscience won't fly in my Face ; I take more Pleasure in Cheating that Rogue, than any Body I know ; and if I don't shave him now, I shall say my Wit and my Razors are both very blunt. [Exit.]

*Scene changes. Enter Mixum and his Wife.*

*Wif.* It is right, I assure you, just two and forty Pounds. [Lays the Money on the Table.]

*Mix.* Well, I'll send home the Punch-bowl ; I must go to taste some Wines that are just landed, but I shall be at home at Supper.

*Wif.* Truly, Husband, I do begin to dislike this Vocation of ours, we do cheat most abominably, and truly I speak it with Grief, and to the pricking of my Conscience. *Mix.*



*Mix.* Prithee, peace Woman, what have we to do with Conscience? Don't we keep a Tavern? It is time enough to talk of that when we have got an Estate: Go, go, mind your Business, mend the Matter, and Score false with a Vengeance: How, now! Who are you?

[Enter Vizard, like a Barber.

*Viz.* I am Journeyman to Mr. Smack, your Barber, and am come to shave you.

*Mix.* Pray, What's your Name?

*Viz.* Timothy Truth.

*Mix.* A very good Name; But where is my God-son? He us'd to shave me.

*Viz.* He's gone to shave Mr. Grub, the Lecturer, but my Master fear'd you might be in haste, and therefore sent me to shave you: — Will you be pleas'd to sit down? —

[He sits, Vizard puts the shaving-Cloath round his Neck.]

*Mix.* And how long have you been a Barber?

*Viz.* About a Year, Sir.

*Mix.* Then you did not serve your Time to it?

*Viz.* No, Sir, but I am willing to do any Thing for an honest Livelihood: A wagging Hand, you know, Sir, gets a Penny. [Making a Latber.

*Mix.* A good ingenious Fellow.

*Viz.* Yes, Sir, I have nothing else to trust to.

*Mix.* What were you bred to?

*Viz.* The Sea, Sir, I was an Apprentice to a Captain of a Merchant-man.

*Mix.* How came you to leave the Sea?

*Viz.* Ill-luck, Sir.

*Mix.* What was it?

*Viz.* What the Devil must I say now? [Aside. Why, Sir, in my first Voyage, we met with three Algerine Pirates, which we made all the Sail from we

we cou'd, but being deep laden, found it impossible; and I having heard the Miseries those Men go through, that are made their Slaves, I chose rather to run the Hazard of being drowned, than made their Prisoner, and so prevail'd upon the Cooper of our Ship, to Barrel me up in an Oatmeal Cask, with six Biscakes, clap a strong Cork in the Bung-hole, and fling me over Board, which he immediately did; — there was I tost upon the Seas, for eight Days together, 'till I was almost starv'd, for I had nothing but these six Biscakes to live on: — At last, as Fortune wou'd have it, a *Dutch* Man of War, sailing along, and spying a Barrel, floating on the Sea, they Mann'd out their Long-boat, and brought me aboard, — I was so faint, for want of Air and Victuals, that I was not able to speak; but I heard 'em disputing what it was that shou'd be in the Barrel; one said it was Beef, another said it was Butter, and a Third said it was Oatmeal; at last the Cooper was call'd to beat out the Bung, which he did, and let out such a Fume, that they all concluded it stunk like the Devil: At last one of the Sailors putting in his Hand to feel what it was, I whipt his Fore-finger and Thumb in my Mouth, and bit 'em clever off; (for you must know I was curst hungry) with that, the Fellow roar'd out, it was the Devil, the Cooper clap'd the Bung into the Barrel, and toss'd me over-board again. —

*Mix.* 'Odslid, that was ill Luck indeed! — How did'st thou 'scape at last?

*Viz.* By meer Providence; I sail'd about the Sea, in this Barrel, for twelve Days more, and had nothing to live on but the Man's Fore-finger and Thumb. — Hold up your Head, Sir.

*Mix.*



*Mix.* Twelve Days, O Pox, that cou'd not be,  
*Tim.*

*Viz.* 'Tis true, as I'm an honest Man;—at last I found I was flung a-shore by the Tide; and thinking to my self I might as well be drown'd, as starv'd, (for by this time, you must know, I had not so much as a Nail of the Man's Finger and Thumb left) I struck out the Bung, and putting my Head out for a little fresh Air, found I was cast a-shore in *Greenland*; immediately, Sir, I spy'd a white Fox come Galloping down to the Sea-side, with that I whip'd my Head into the Barrel again, knowing it to be a Beast of Prey.

*Mix.* A white Fox! How big was this white Fox?

*Viz.* Somewhat bigger than a large *Flanders* Mare, Sir, and down he came to the Barrel, so smelling where about I was, he roar'd like a Lion; but as Providence wou'd have it, that very Moment, a Fly stung him by the Buttocks, he turn'd round to rub himself against the Barrel, his Tail lying over the Bung-hole, I clap'd fast hold on't with both my Hands; the Fox, frighten'd at that, fell a Galloping as if the Devil was at his Tail, and drew the Barrel, with me in it, over Hedge and Ditch, for three and twenty Miles together; but at last, jumping into a Wood, and running full speed between two Trees, that stood very close together, stav'd the Barrel all to pieces, away run the Fox, and out came I.

*Mix.* O, *Tim.* this must be a Gun, *Tim.*

*Viz.* Every Word true, or I wish I may never shave again: So, Sir, I travell'd to the Port, where I met with an *Englisb* Vessel, and ship'd my

my self a Passenger, and came home in her : —  
Shut your Eyes, or my Ball will make 'em smart.

*Mix.* Ay, Ay, — I find you have been a great Traveller ; was you ever in the Popish Countries?

*Viz.* In most Parts of *Italy*, Sir, I am acquainted with all the Monasteries. — I was once treated very handsomly by an old Monk with a delicate Hasty-pudding, made of the Milk of St. Luke's Cow, and thicken'd with a Pound of the *Chaos*.

*Mix.* O, Pox, *Tim*, you talk like a Traveller, now, indeed.

*Viz.* Why, I hope you don't think I lye, Sir? — Pray shut your Eyes, Sir : — O, Sir, there are abundance of venerable Antiquities in all their Churches : Why, Sir, I, my self, saw the very Shoes in which St. Ignatius walk'd bare-foot to *Jerusalem* : Nay, Sir, I saw the Horse-shoe of the Horse, that begot the Mare, that foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse, that brought the Man, that knew the Man, that saw our Lady, of *Loretto's* Chapel, fly from *Judea* into *Italy*.

*Mix.* Truly, *Tim*, that's a Horse-shoe of Quality : — A pleasant Fellow, Faith.

*Viz.* O, Sir, it is renown'd for doing Miracles ; 'tis the very first Horse-shoe that ever kept Witches out of a House ; — Take Time by the Fore-lock, says the Wiseman, — I must leave the Vintner in the Suds. — [Aside.]

[Takes the Bag off the Table, and runs off.]

*Mix.* O, Pox, this must be a damn'd Lye.  
*Tim.* — come make haste, tho', ha, ha, ha, I can't help Laughing, to think what a Bead-roll of Lyes thou hast told off-hand, with thy white Fox, thy Hasty-pudding made of the *Chaos*, and thy wonderful Horse shoe ; thou dost not take

me



## A Match in Newgate

31

me to be such an Ass to believe all this, sure? —  
Why don't you shave me? — Why, *Timothy*, I  
shall be blind with winking, — *Tim*, why *Tim*. —  
O, Lord, my Heart mis-gives me; — why  
Wife, — Wife, — O the Devil my Money's  
gone! — Why Wife, — Wife. ———

*Enter his Wife.*

*Wif.* What's the Matter with you, Husband,  
you make such a Noise?

*Mix.* Where's the Barber?

*Wif.* Why, he is gone, — are not you trim'd,  
then? —

*Mi x.* Trim'd! Yes, I am trim'd with a Ven-  
geance: — Did you take the Money off the  
Table?

*Wif.* Not I, as I'm an honest Woman. —

*Mix.* O, Lord, I have wink'd to some purpose  
now. —

*Enter Solomon.*

*Sol.* Pray, Godfather, give me your Blessing.

*Mix.* My Blessing! The Devil chak you,  
Where's your Father's Man?

*Sol.* My Father has no Man, Sir.

*Mix.* My Money, my two and Forty Pounds  
are gone! Who was it trim'd me, you Dog?

*Sol.* I don't know, indeed, Sir; a Gentleman  
met me, as I was a coming to you, and bor-  
row'd my Bason and Razors, as he said, for a  
Frolick.

*Mix.* A Pox of his Frolick; this must be that  
Rogue *Vizard*; Who the Devil cou'd have  
suspected him in a Barber's Skin? Sbud, if  
I

if I catch him, I'll strangle him with my own Hands.

*Wif.* Nay, good honest-hearted *Robin*, have Patience.

*Mix.* Patience with a Pox to you! Yes, that was the Doctrine you Preach'd, when I caught Alderman *Standfast*, and your Ladyship, upon the red Squab-Couch in the *Maiden-head*; Patience with a Devil!

*Wif.* Good Husband take Comfort, Ill play the Devil but I'll recover it; then have a good Conscience *Robin*, 'tis but scoring double for a Week and that will fetch it up again.

*Mix.* O Wife, Wife, I thought I shou'd have had such Luck to Day, because I got out of Bed backwards this Morning; well, I'll Laugh, make Merry cast up my Accompts, and then go hang my self: I have been shav'd, finely trim'd indeed! the Devil ran away with the white Fox, and the Barber together. ( *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mother Griffin, Corinna, and Vizard:*

*Cor.* O, Impudence! am I then fal'n so low to be solicited by thee?

*Viz.* By me! Why not, *Corinna*, by me? Here's that which makes me equal with the Best; Honour, and Dignity, are deriv'd from this alone, (*Shakes a Purse,*) 'tis the World's Basis, and I am sure, the most prevailing Argument with your Sex.

*M. Griff.* Ay by my Conscience is it, and the wiser we: Why what signifies a Title, 'tis but an empty Sound at best, and Sound is but Air, and a Woman cannot live upon Air; and for Honour, why 'tis only the Workmanship of  
Opinion



Opinion: Marry there's no thriving in this World, if you prefer any Thing before Money.

*Viz.* Right, Mother *Griffin*, you speak like an Oracle, 'tis the grand Mover of all Things.

*M. Griff.* Ay by my Troth it is, and the Quintessence of Virtue too: There is no Disgrace like Poverty; for if you observe, none but poor Harlots are call'd Whores; get but Money, and you are above Scandal, you may go to Church without Blushing, nay, upon my honesty, you are Company for the Parson of the Parish: And I remember a witty Couplet written by an old Poet to the same Purpose.

O London Town! What Shame are thy Reproaches,  
Poor Whores are whipt; and Rich ones ride in Coaches.

*Viz.* Right, the first beat Hemp in our Bridewells, and the latter drink Tea with our Justices.

*Cor.* Cease your hellish Doctrine.

*Viz.* Come *Corinna*, whatever you may think of me, I was once a Gentleman, tho' I am now fall'n so low; tho' poor, depriv'd of all, I have a Heart, and Will, that still remains, and I will venture on, when Beauty calls; and this small Stock which my own Industry has got, I must employ it yet to that dear Use—

*M. Griff.* Take it *Corinna*, I have an Apothecary's Bill to pay.—

*Cor.* Hell take you, and that together.

*M. Griff.* O bless me! was ever such an uncharitable Creature? Go, you may be ashamed to use a Woman of my Years at this rate, if you had any Grace: Have you forgot how kind I have been to you, Hussy? Did I not take you from the Waggon, a poor, ignorant, awkward Country Girl, with nothing but an old Stuff Gown to thy Back, and instead of making thee a Servant, did I not put thee into a goodly Con-

Condition, gave thee fine Cloaths, rick'd thee up, and brought thee into the best Company? Well, well, the Sin of Ingratitude is great; Where do you think to go when you die, for using me at this rate? [*Crying.*] Have I not help'd you to rich *Jews*, *French Marquisses*, *German Counts*, *English Lords*, *Scotch Earls*, and *Dutch Merchants* innumerable? Come, come, if you had any Grace you might have made something of all these; and am I thus Rewarded for my Pains? Well *Mary Griffin*—go thy ways, *Mary Griffin*—thy kind Heart will bring thee to the Hospital.

*Viz.* Take this little Tribute of my conquer'd Heart, I may in Time increase it.

*Cor.* Base servile Villain, who liv'st by Noise and Riot, can'st thou believe that after *Freeman's Love*, I cou'd receive a Rascal to my Arms?

*Viz.* If I were there, you'd find but little Difference, and possibly the next you entertain may fail to pay the Price I offer you: This Rascal, and that beauteous haughty Thing, bating the Sex, differ but very little, I live by Broils, by Rapine, and by Spoils; in Fears, Vexations, Dangers; so do you; I eat when I can get a Fool to treat me, and you can do no more, a Pox of your Pride, methinks we two might understand each other; you have no Gallant to take your Quarrel up; you reign'd when time was, I'll do so now, for you have known my Love, shall find my Power, tho' yet I ne'er durst tell you so.

*Cor.* Nor shall not yet, for tho' that Lover's gone, who but to look on, wou'd have made thee tremble; I have Beauty still that may command another Man, whose very  
glance



glance shall make thee bow ; And has it lost its Awe?

*Viz.* It has, and I am resolv'd upon a Conquest.

*Cor.* Death! Sirrah, stand off, and view my fatal Hand, it carries Death to the bold Ravisher, that dares approach irreverently; a Whore! what tho' to her that bears it, 'tis a Shame, to all the World beside, it bears a mighty Sound, petition'd, su'd to, worship'd, presented, flatter'd, sacrific'd to, Monarch of Monarchs, Tyrant of the World, what does that charming Word not signifie? And dar'st thou raise thy hated Eyes so high, to gaze on such a Constellation. *[Exit.*

*Viz.* I'll not leave you so.

*Resolution conquers Love, for like a Shade,  
It follows, fled ; pursu'd, flies, as afraid. [Ex.*

*M. Griff.* Go thy ways for a cunning Knave, my Life for thy Success; he has what will debauch half our Sex, Money and Impudence, two irresistible Temptations: What would you have Sir? would you

*Enter Freeman in Disguise.*

have aught with me? —A proper handsome Fellow, but ill Drest.

*Free.* Madam, I am a Gentleman grown poor, decay'd by Fortune, and would gladly serve you; I can obey, cou'd you direct me where.

*M. Griff.* This Fellow wou'd serve my turn most admirably: I like his Symetry, he is well built, and by my Troth my Blood is not so cold, nor am I yet so old, to be past pleasure:—Adod I am a brisk old Woman, Ha,

ha, ha, [*Dances*].—O, a Stitch, a Stitch!  
O, my Fabrick grows very weak, and the  
least Motion loosens the Joints.—Well we  
must all decay, Life is but a Span, and Death  
is a Debt we must all pay sooner or later,  
Mercy on us.—Well I vow he is a portly Fel-  
low—and if I were not old—a Pox of that  
Word, Age—but the oldest Cooks can lick  
their Fingers.

*Corin. within.*] Help, help, undone, O,  
help!

*Free.* Ha, what Noise is that.

[*Draws, and runs in.*

*M. Griff.* Sure the Rogue is Ravishing her.—

*Enter Freeman dragging in Vizard, Corinna  
following.*

*Free.* Dog.—

*Cor.* Hold, do not kill the Villain; 'Tis  
enough you have sav'd me from his Mischiefs,  
—pray let him go.

*Free.* 'Tis pity, but I will obey: Be-gone  
base Scoundrel.—[*Kicks him off.*] 'sdeath what  
a wretched Thing's a Whore, that every Ras-  
cal dares approach with love?

*Cor.* But, who, are you, pray, Sir, to whom  
I am so much oblig'd?

*Free.* One that would gladly serve in any  
Quality.

*Cor.* Thou hast a brave Soul, I'm sure; I  
will endeavour to prefer you; in the mean  
Time make this your House [*Knocking without*

*M. Griff.* Shall any have admittance? [*Ex.*

*Cor.* Only the perjur'd Freeman's Friend:

You



You may retire, and wait my farther Pleasure.

*Free.* I'll over-hear you to— [Retires]

*Enter M. Griffin, and Bevil.*

*Bev.* Now my dear Mistress, Soul of my Desires, I come with all the Spoils of conquering Love, to lay e'm at thy Feet; the Bar to all my Happiness is dead, and here's the Witness of my Victory— [Shows the Ring.]

*Cor.* *Freeman* dead! O, thou inhuman Friend, who borrow'd that Title only to betray him! O Justice, can you let this bloody Villain live? Support me, or I fall to the Earth with this sad killing News.

*Bev.* What do you mean, Madam? Shall I vow to you he is not dead?

*Cor.* Ha! Not dead, Traytor! And hast thou then deceiv'd my Hopes? And is not *Freeman* dead? O what is Man! Didst thou not Swear, and beg to give me any Proof of thy false Passion; I ask'd you this, And is it thus, you give it; O, for a quick revenging Power to kill thee.

*Bev.* Calm that dear angry Face, and tell my Love which way it best shall please?

*Cor.* Is it then in thy Choice to tell me either? O, blast thy double Tongue, and all this Beauty that misled thy Truth.

*Bev.* Then since 'tis my Destiny to offend, I'll follow Truth, and tell you, Madam, all your strict Commands I did obey; and *Freeman* is no more.

*Cor.* No more! Why what hadst thou to do with my Commands? O, thou hast kill'd

all that my Soul cou'd Love; go from my Eyes, far from my Thoughts remain.

*Ben.* This is an ill Reward for all my Love; But such Ingratitude will drive thee from my Heart.

[*Going.*

*Cor.* I must not let him go, 'till I'm reveng'd—stay, relent—O, stay, I and give my Heart a little Time, to take leave of its old Acquaintance; alas, I lov'd this *Freeman*, lov'd him dearly, more than my Life.

*Ben.* Why did you kill him then?

*Cor.* Why in my own Defence, he gave the first, I fear the mortal Wound.

*Ben.* Then believe it Just, and think of him no more, but of the dear Reward of all my Services: Come will ye not?

*Cor.* I will; but you'll receive it decently, and not with Hands stain'd in the Blood of him, who lately was so dear to me;

*Ben.* Still on that Subject?

*Cor.* You'll find me all you wish, give me but an Hour's Time to compose my self.

*Ben.* Do not you dally with me?

*Cor.* No, by Heaven, when you return, I'll give you your Reward; and what you most deserve,—

[*Aside.*

*Ben.* Here keep this Ring, and think each Minute's absence, is a long Year in love—farewel.

[*Exit.*

*Cor.* Vain credulous, treacherous Fool, farewell: Mischief inspire me now with all thy Arts: Methinks the Sight of this instructs my Soul with a most noble piece of Villany, I will go to *Celia* with this Ring, and frame a Story of such cunning Mischief, shall stab her through the Ear into the Heart; by Heaven

ven



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ven 'tis greatly brave, and I'll begin it: Then when this treacherous Fellow does return, I'll be prepar'd for him—Who waits——

*Enter Mother Griffin and Freeman.*

*Free.* Now what a Devil is this Woman—

[*Aside.*

*Cor.* Call a Coach this Minute—and you, Sir, I must beg to wait on me.

*Free.* Wherever you command——this was lucky—[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene the Street: Enter Vizard.*

*Viz.* There is a Fate I think, attends Men of my Vocation, that what we extract from Fools, and undesigning Persons, by the Curse of Desire, is generally apply'd to the Use of some insolent Whore, that is predestin'd to doat on another, and maintain her Paramour at our Expence: I, who am so excellent a Master in all the subtle Arts of Circumvention, yet am not Proof against the insinuation of Beauty: There is a kind of Witchcraft in that Face of *Corinna's*, and I am a voluntary Bubble: That damn'd old Bawd, *Mother Griffin*, has had more Money from me, to procure her Consent, than ever any For, who had more Money than Brains, gave for a young Actress's Maidenhead.

*Enter Mixum, and the Goldsmith's 'Prentice with a Silver Punch-bowl*

*Mix.* Be sure you take a particular Care of

it, deliver it into my Wife's own Hands, for I am terribly afraid of that Rogue *Vizzrd*, he's a cunning Fellow, and able to cheat the Devil; nay, to my Knowledge, he has made an Ass of a Lawyer, and circumvented a Stock-jobber:—But if ever I catch him, Z—ds I'll play the Devil with him.

(*The 'Prentice and Mixum go off severally.*)

*Viz.* The Fox grows fat when he's curs'd; I'll shave you smother yet, my Friend *Mixum*, my Mouth waters for that Punch-bowl: If I were to bite a poor Poet, or a penurious Parson, who for want of Learning had but one good Meal in a Fortnight, it were a Sin; but to strip this base Jumbler of Elements, I hold it meritorious, and will draw a Lot for the Plate without the Fear of a Halter before my Eyes. [Exit.

*Scene changes: Enter Mr. Thinkwell, Celia and Miranda.*

*Think.*—*Celia*, I know you love him, and there is no need of Dissimulation, I have given you my Consent, and once more tell you, I can never approve of any Man for your Husband, whom you dislike.

*Cel.* Sir, I know not how to requite your Goodness, but by an entire submission to your Will.

*Think.* And what says my little *Volatile*, ha?—Well, you shan't gnaw the Sheets for want of better Employment; I'll take care you shan't die a Maid.

*Mir.* Indeed, Sir, you ought to provide me



a Husband as soon as you can, for when my Cousin is dispos'd of, I shan't care to lye alone.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a Lady desires to speak with you.

*Think.* Bid her come in;

*Enter Corinna and Freeman, disguis'd*

I hope your Business is with me, fair Lady?

*Mir.* It would be but ill dispatch'd then.

*Cor.* I know not, Sir, first, I must desire your Name: Are you Father to the fair *Celia*?

*Think.* I am, fair Mistress, for want of a Better, this is the Maid you name.

*Cor.* My Time's but short, and what I have to say, I must dispatch; Madam, you had a Lover once young *Freeman*.

*Cel.* Had! (good Heaven,) I hope I still have.

*Cor.* No, *Bevil* has basely kill'd him.

*Cel.* O, miserable *Celia*! (*Swoons.*)

*Think.* Look to my Daughter.

*Cor.* Madam, look up, this great Concern he merits not, 'twas Pity brought me here to undeceive you: his Vows and Soul were mine, intirely mine.

*Cel.* Why did you call me back to Life again, or say in Pity, that you undeceived me? If you knew *Freeman* false, why did you stay me? You should have let me dy'd, it would have been more charitable.

*Mir.* This must be Malice sure.

*Cor.* Madam, do you know this Ring? He gave it me, and told me such Things of  
your

your tiresome Passion, as often gave us cause of Laughter.

*Mir.* Sure all Mankind is false.

*Cel.* I cannot blame him, that he lov'd me not, when so much Beauty as appears in you, gave him permission to adore it; but 'twas most cruel to sport at my Misfortune; he should have pitied Follies he created:— Help me, *Miranda*, for I grow faint.

*Think.* Lead her in, and be careful of her —

(*Exeunt Celia and Miranda,*  
but Madam — —

*Free.* I cannot hold, I must reveal my self — yet I will have Patience, to see the utmost that this Devil aims at: How miserable were it to be Virtuous, if such a Wretch as this could prosper? O, Heaven, what difference is in Women, and their Life? What Man, that's worthy the Name of Man, wou'd leave the modest Pleasures of a lawful Bed; Joys of chaste Sheets, for the unhealthful Embraces of a common Strumpet? [*Aside.*

*Think.* Confest Madam? And to you? On what Acquaintance pray?

*Cor.* He was in love with Me, and seeing no Hopes of gaining his point while *Freeman* liv'd, he found a Means to murder him, then vaunted of his Villainy to me: Please you to go, where I'll direct you, and you shall hear him confess the Murder.

*Think.* Madam, I'll lose no Time, but go with you this Minute; we'll take some Officers along with us: If *Bevil* be such a Vilain, he shall feel the utmost Rigour of the Law.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Scene*



*Scene changes: Enter Mrs. Mixum with a Punch-bowl, and the 'Prentice.*

*Wife.* Well *Farvis*, remember me to your Master and Mistress, and tell 'em, I acknowledge the Receipt of this—Acknowledge the Receipt! this 'tis to have a good Education, and to be brought up in a Tavern; tho' my Husband be a Citizen, all *London* knows, I keep as good Company as any she within the Walls.—Farewel honest *Farvis*.

*[Exit the 'Prentice.*

*Enter Vizard, drest like a Goldsmith's 'Prentice, with a Jole of Salmon*

*Viz.* A fair Hour to you, Mistress,

*Wife.* A pretty Compliment: I'll write it down: A beautiful Thought to you, Sir.

*Viz.* Your Husband and my Master, Mr. *Burnish*, have sent you a Jole of Fresh-Salmon, and they intend to come both to Supper presently, to season your new Bowl, forsooth, which your Husband intreats you wou'd send back by me, that his Arms may be engraven on it, which he forgot before.

*Wife.* Are you sent by no Token? Nay, I have a Wit.

*Viz.* Yes, forsooth, by the same Token, he was left in the Suds this Morning.

*Wife.* A sad Token, but true; here pray commend me to your Master and Mistress, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently: *[Exit Vizard with the Bowl]* Impatient was well again! Sam, Sam, why Sam I say.

*Enter Sam.*

*Sam.* Here, here forsooth.

*Wife*

*Wife.* Come quickly, spread the Table, lay Napkins, and do you hear, perfume the Room a little, it does so smell of this profane Tobacco; and I cou'd never endure Tobacco; since Mr. *Tickletext* told me it was an Enemy to Propagation.—So spread handsomly—Lord these Boys do Things so *Arsy varsy*! You shew your Breeding: So Methodically.—Hum! I wonder where I got that Word! O, it was Sir *John Empty* bid me kiss him Methodically; well he's a fine Gentleman, and every Thing he does is excrementally sweet: There's another fine Word—well, I have a Memory.

*Enter Mr. Mixum.*

*Mix.* Well, *Robin Mixum*, be not discourag'd, be not disheartned, thou wilt recover all.

*Wife.* O, are you come Husband! Where are they!

*Mix.* How now, how now, how now? what a Feast going forwards! And in my private Parlour! Who Treats *Peg*, who Treats?

*Wife.* Prithee leave Fooling, are they come?

*Mix.* Who come?

*Wife.* Lord, how strange you make it!

*Mix.* Strange, what's strange?—Is the Woman mad?

*Wife.* Ay, strange: You know of no body that sent me a Jole of Fresh-Salmon, do you—and said they'd come to supper with me?

*Mix.* Ha! Fresh-Salmon! Peace, not I; Peace, the Messenger has mistaken the House: Let's eat it up quickly before it be enquired for:—Come, come, Vinegar, quickly *Sam*—some good Luck yet faith—I never tasted Salmon that relish'd better in my life;—  
well



well, 'tis a rare thing to feed at other Men's Cost.

*Wife.* Other Men's Cost! Prithee don't turn Fool; did not you send this Salmon?

*Mix.* No, I say, No.

*Wife.* By Mr. Burnish's Man?

*Mix.* I say no.

*Wife.* Who sent Word, that he and his Wife wou'd come to Supper with me?

*Mix.* No, No, No, [*Eats heartily.*]

*Wife.* And hanfel my new Bowl?

*Mix.* Ha, Bowl!

[*Lays down his Knife, and starts.*]

*Wife.* And withal, commanded me to send the Bowl back?

*Mix.* Ha! Back!

*Wife.* That your Arms might be put on't.

*Mix.* O!

*Wife.* by the same Token, that you were left in the Suds this Morning?

*Mix.* O, O, O!

*Wife.* And thereupon I sent back the Bowl,—nay, and I bear not the Blame—

*Mix.* And is the Bowl gone? Is it deliver'd? Departed? Defunct? Ha?

*Wife.* Deliver'd! Yes sure, 'tis deliver'd

*Mix.* I will never more say my Prayers; and is the Bowl gone?

*Wife.* Gone! God's my Witness I deliver'd it, with no more design to be cozen'd on't than the Child that's Unborn,

*Mix.* Look to my House, I am haunted with evil Spirits: Hear me, thou Plague to Man, thou Wife thou: If I have not my Bowl again, I will go to the Devil; I'll go to a Conjuror

Conjurer, look to my House; I'll raise all the wife-Men in London. [Exit.]

Wife. Bless me, what fearful words are these, I hope he is only Drunk.

*Enter Vizard, as before.*

Viz. I must have my Salmon, I cannot afford the old Rogue so good a Bit: I must have it to season my Punch: Now for a Master-piece——fair Mistress——

Wife. O, have I caught you! Sam, shut up the Doors, Sam.

Viz. Peace, good Mistress, I'll tell you all; a Jest, a meer Jest; your Husband did it only to fright you: The Bowl's at my Master's, and thither your Husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, least you should be over-frighted, to invite you to come to Supper to him.

Wife. Praise Heaven 'tis no worse, but he did not do well, I never was so scar'd, in the whole varshal World, he has put every Part about me in a Constellation.

Viz. And he desires you would send the Salmon before, and follow your self; my Mistress will be very glad to see you.

Wife. I pray take it; well, I was never so out of my Wits, in my Life,—pray thank your Mistress, [Exit Viz. with the Salmon] How my Heart beats still!—Sam, send Betty with my Hood, my Gloves, and Scarf, quickly—well, if I had been thus couzen'd of my Bowl, I should never have been *complibus mentus* again.

*Enter the Maid with a Hood, Scarf, and Gloves, and goes about to put them on.*

Mix. How now, whether are you jaunting, ha? Wife.



*Wife.* Come, come, pray leave off your Fooling; you might have made me miscarry.

*Mix.* What unusual Devil has possess'd the Woman?

*Wife.* Devil, me no Devil, will you go?

*Mix.* Go! Whither? in the Name of Madness, whither?

*Wife.* Whither? Why to Mr. *Burnish's*, to eat the Salmon; how strange you make of it?

*Mix.* Your Meaning, Jade, your Meaning?

*Wife.* Lord bless me! Did not you send for me, and for the Salmon, by the self-same Fellow that came for the Bowl?

*Mix.* 'Tis well! 'Tis wondrous well! And are you in your right Wits, Jade? Are you?

*Wife.* Nay, if you make an Ass of me, I'll make an Ox of you, I tell you that. [*Exit.*]

*Mix.* Certainly I must be Distracted, or my Wife is — or Both of us. — Well, I'll never Pray again, that's certain; if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, the City's like to thrive — I'll go hang my self out of the way. [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes: Enter Thinkwell, Corinna, and Officers.*

*Cor.* This is my Lodging, Sir, where if you'll please to wait a little, you shall both see and hear the Truth of what I've told you.

*Think.* But Madam, did he tell you, he had kill'd his Friend! tell you himself! that's strange?

*Cor.* Sir, if you find I wrong him, let me die; he came all Breathless, panting to my Chamber, his Sword all bloody; pray'd me to conceal him, for he had murder'd *Freeman*.

*Think.*

*Think.* Under favour; what Quarrel had they, said he?

*Cor.* I, innocently, was the unhappy Cause; they lov'd me, both were Rivals in my Favour; nor knew I which my Heart inclin'd to most. *Freeman* had Wit, Youth, Gaity and good Humour; was lovely, well made, fit to engage a Heart; and *Bevil* too was handsome, very discreet, amorous, soft in his Language, modest in his Actions, and tho' their Charms were different, yet 'twas hard to say who was the greater Conqueror; so I by favouring either, made the other jealous.

*Enter Mother Griffin.*

*M. Griff.* Well Daughter;—*Bevil* is come again—he's upon the Stairs.

*Cor.* Pray, Sir, retire with the Officers into my Closet, and you shall hear he will confess the Murder, and having Witness, you may apprehend him.

*(Exeunt, Thinkwell and Officers.)*

*Enter Bevil.*

*Bev.* Now, my *Corinna*, now my Heavenly Fair, I come to claim my Promise, O, the excessive Joy that fills my Soul with Thoughts of my approaching Happiness.

*Cor.* But stay.

*Bev.* O! do not kill me with that fatal Word.

*Cor.* You have not told me, yet, how you kill'd *Freeman*.

*Bev.*



*Bev.* O! name him not, some Fit of Love or Rage, will seize thy Soul, at naming him, and ruin me; my dear *Corinna*, Mistress of my Soul, name him no more.

*Cor.* Now on thy Life, by all I hold most dear, now *Freeman* is no more, the Repetition will be grateful to me; prithee how fell the Perjur'd Man? Tell it me o'er again, and I'll resign my self for ever to thy Arms.

*Bev.* Tell thee, and take thee! Wou'd every Syllable betray my Life, I'd haste to utter it for that Reward: I met with him in *Somer-set-House* Gardens, and upbraiding him of his Cruelty to thee, I took that Occasion to provoke him to a Quarrel, which succeeded, he drew, and at the first Pass my Sword went through his Heart, after that I flung his Body into the *Thames*, which the Stream has by this Time carry'd farther off.

*Cor.* And you shall die for it, fond easie Fool.

*Enter Mr. Thinkwell and Officers.*

*Think.* Seize the Murderer: O, wicked Villain, base and treacherous!

*Bev.* Base and perfidious Woman; hold off your Hands, and let me ask this Devil why she does thus.

*Cor.* O, Fool, that could'st believe my Love so slight, to let thee live, that murder'd him I liv'd for: Now my Revenge is finish'd.

*Bev.* Now, now, I see the strong Deformity of sinful Passion.

*Think.* Come, come, Sir, we came not here

E

to

to talk, carry him away, the Sessions begins to morrow Morning; I'll get the Bill found, and have you hang'd out of the way.

*Bev.* I deserve this Usage, but yet un-hand me; thus I had been serv'd, had I indeed kill'd *Freeman*; but, Sir, he lives; lives at his Goldsmith's, one *Burnish* in *Cheapside*.

*Cor.* Heaven! lives! lives to be married: Oh! —

*Think.* We are not to believe that; to Prison with him, 'till he can prove this true.

*Bev.* No Rudeness, I'll go unguarded: — To what a monstrous Height of Wickedness is this Wretch arriv'd, first to contrive, and persuade me to a Murder, and then to glory in Betraying me!

*Think.* How, Sir, this Woman set you on! Nay, then, pray Mr. *Constable*, lay hold of her, and see her forth-coming.

*Cor.* With Joy, since *Freeman* lives, and lives to be perjur'd, no Matter what becomes of me.

*M. Griff.* 'Ods my Life, un-hand my Child, you rude Cuckolds of Authority, or I shall lay my Cane a-cross your fortify'd Noddles.

*Think.* This is the Bawd, and consequently, a Principal in the Murder, lay hold of her; and if *Freeman* cannot be produc'd, you shall be accountable for his Blood.

*M. Griff.* Here's Doings, — help, help, I am a Gentlewoman, Varlets; O, my Ribs, O, my Ribs, — my Ribs.

[*They force them off: Exeunt Om.*

*Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.*

*Viz.* No Prey stirring? Sure the Devil is about extraordinary Business, for I never yet had



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had an Inclination to be wicked, that he was backward of sending an Opportunity.—

*Enter a Fidler, with a Cloak on.*

Ha, here comes a Fellow, he looks, by his Cloak, to have Money in his Breeches; I must have a knock at his Pate to get into his Pocket. *[Knocks him down.]*

*Fid.* Oh—Murder!

*Viz.* What the Devil have we here! A poor Fidler! A Pox on him, I took him for a Gentleman; I guess, by his Profession he has as little Money as Understanding,—I thought so, — a crooked Sixpence,— *[Feels in his Pocket]* a Piece of Rozen, and two Yards of Catgut; but let me see, here's a Cloak for my Knavery. *[Takes the Cloak, and Exit.]*

*Fid.* O, dear Heart, the Rogue has kill'd me; he has made a soft Place in my Head;—stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Mixum, meeting Vizard in a Cloak.*

*Mix.* So, that shou'd be my Arch-rogue, *Vizard*,—have I caught you at last? I'll make you an Example. *[Takes hold of his Cloak — he slips away, and leaves the Cloak with Mixum:]* 'Odso, the Dog has slip'd out of his Case; but I have got a good Cloak by the Bargain, that's somewhat towards my Losses,—

*[He puts on the Cloak.]*

*Enter Fidler, Constable, and Watchmen.*

*Fid.* Stop Thief, stop Thief,—O, Mr. Con-  
E 2 *stable,*

*Stable*, there's the Rogue, he has got my Cloak upon his Back.

*Con.* Seize him.

*Mix.* How, now, Gentlemen; What's the Matter?

*Con.* Why, you have robb'd a Man upon the King's High-way.

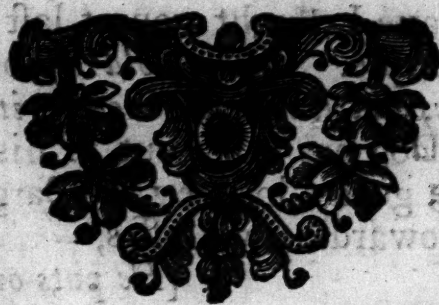
*Mix.* Why, sure the Fellow's a Fool.

*Fid.* No, he is not, but he's a *Constable*, and that's all one; that's my Cloak, and I will take my Oath, that you came behind me, knock'd me down, and run away with it upon your Back; and so, Mr. *Constable*, I charge you to carry him before a Justice.

*Con.* Come, bring him along.

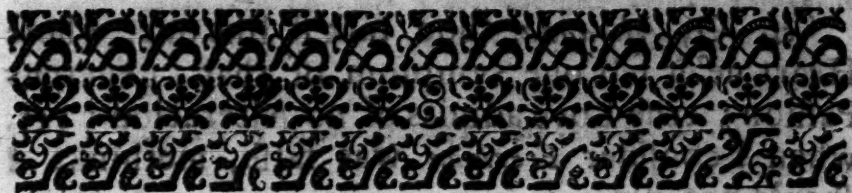
*Mix.* This damn'd Fellow, *Vizard*, is certainly my evil Genius,—Now shall I be hang'd for his Roguery. [Exeunt Omnes.]

*The End of the Second ACT.*



ACT III.





A C T III.

*Enter Celia and Miranda.*

*Cel.* **B**UT, tell me, dear *Miranda*, Is it a Crime to die when Life's a Torment?

*Mir.* Prithee leave these melancholy Thoughts, you make me sad, a Humour that I hate; 'Slife, pine for one Man! Why, Girl, consider, thou art Young, and hast Beauty enough to break half a Score Hearts, and attract all the Fops in the Town; then prithee assume a little Tyranny, it becomes our Sex, and resolve to revenge your Quarrel on all Mankind.

*Cel.* O, thou art happy; wou'd I were unconcern'd, and had even a brutal Temper, that no Misfortunes cou'd depress, or Happiness cou'd elevate.

*Mir.* Call you that Brutal? Give me that solid one; I hate your thin and unsubstantial Soul, that every small Assault of Fortune breaks through, and makes ridiculous Mirth, or Sorrow; give me a Soul, a Humour that's in Grain, not one that fades like Colours in the Sun, and changes like your Cheeks; now Pale, now Red, and tells the World the Secrets of your Heart: But, I must confess, I am grieved for *Bevil*, for you know I love him; yet not so much, to whine and die for him; and his Misfortune, as a Friend, I feel, not as a Lover, since his Inconconstancy has forfeited that Respect.

*Cel.* O, *Miranda*, thou talk'st like one, whose Heart ne'er felt one Symptom of that generous Passion; true Love admits of no Alteration; yet, when I consider *Freeman* was false, methinks I shou'd not die.

*Mir.* Nay, as for that, I think you are mistaken; I think him true enough, and by what my Uncle has informed me; that was one of his incens'd Mistresses, one of his Family of Love, that envied your Happiness, and contriv'd this purely to be reveng'd on him, or put you in Despair. Nay, I believe *Freeman* is not dead, nor can I think *Bevil* cou'd be so base, upon any Account, to kill him, especially on this, 'twere a Disgrace, as well to his Understanding, as his Honour; tho', indeed, Honour is very seldom consulted in the Affairs of Women, or Understanding either, if they were, some Men wou'd be more circumspect in their Intrigues, than they are now a-Days, unless they think Quality a Sanction for Profaneness; therefore be pacify'd; you have not slept to Night; sit and I'll sing to you. [*She sings.*

*Cel.* I cannot sleep; alas, there is no Musick like my Sighs. [*Swoons.*

*Mir.* Alas she faints,—help, help.—

*Enter Freeman.*

*Free.* By your Leave, sweet Creatures.—

*Mir.* Uncivil, Sir, What are you?

*Free.* One that brings Comfort;—ha, the Lady Dying! Stand by, I have a Cordial in my Voice.

*Mir.* Ha! *Freeman* alive! What Miracle is this?

*Cel.* Ha! *Freeman*! Or does my Sense deceive me? Sure, I am in Heaven, and this is *Freeman*; Art thou an Angel there?

*Free.* I wou'd not wish it yet; No, we have an Age



Age to come, in Love, e're we arrive to that.

*Cel.* Now I shall die with Joy ;— forgive my Transport, 'tis the Effect of a sincere and honest Passion, which I can conceal no longer.

*Free.* Call back thy Blood into thy pale Cheeks, thou Miracle of Woman: By all that's good I never was unjust ; that Woman, that beautiful Sinner, whom you saw, I have been to blame with ; but you must forgive the Errors of my Youth.

*Cel.* I do, and her, and must love whom you love

*Free.* I thank thy goodness, but it shall not suffer ; hereafter I'll tell thee all my Life, but now my time is short, and I must remain in this Disguise to accomplish my honest Design on *Bevil*, for he shall suffer to the last Degree for leaving thee, *Miranda*, for another.

*Mir.* And, has he been so wicked ?

*Free.* Yes, but is now reclaim'd ; I'll return the Penitent into your Arms again.

*Mir.* Why, Faith, Cousin, that is to be, I do love the Fugitive, that's flat ; and, if my Uncle please, will venture to take him, *for better, for worse.*

*Enter Mr. Thinkwell.*

*Think.* O, my Girls, I am sorry I am the Messenger of such ill News, but you must prepare your hearts to bear with it ; poor *Bevil* is condemn'd.

*Mir.* I thought he said he wou'd produce *Freeman* at Mr. *Burnish* the Goldsmith's ?

*Think.* That's all one ; when it came to the Test, *Burnish* deny'd he ever saw him ; so that his own Confession hang'd him, without more Witnesses ; and *Bevil*, *Corinna*, and that Mother of all Mischief, the Bawd, were found guilty of the

Murder: However, I'll use all my Interest to procure *Bevil* a Pardon.

*Mir.* Then, pray Sir, solicit this Gentleman.

*Think.* Ha! *Freeman*, alive! May I believe my Eyes?

*Free.* You may.——

*Think.* O, kiss me, kiss me,—kiss me,—But how? Which way? When? What? Where?—Lord, I am transported,—sure I am so in a Dream all this while; well, I'll go back to *Newgate* again and wake my self: But this Surprise had like to have made me forget, to tell you our Neighbour *Mixum* the Vintner is condemn'd for a Robbery, and several others.

*Free.* How, *Mixum* for a Robbery! Was it prov'd upon him?

*Think* Yes, by a shabby sort of a Fellow; but he swore point-blank against him, 'tis thought he'll have a Pardon; a Cloak was stolen, that Cloak was taken upon his Back; the Justice was drunk that committed him, the Judges severe, and in Haste; the Jury a hungry, and so the Knave was cast; But, Lord, to hear his Wishes, his Curses, his Prayers, and his ill-tim'd Zeal; by my Troth, they wou'd have made a Comedy:—But, come, let us all to *Newgate* with Expedition, and release the poor Gentleman from his dreadful Contemplations of Death and the Gallows.

*Om.* With all our Hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene the Outside of Newgate; a Box hangs out, and Padwell with other Prisoners, a Begging.*

*Jack.* Pray, remember the Poor Prisoners, poor Prisoners, pray remember; Oh, Oh.

*Pad.* Dam-ye, for a Son of a Whore; how sneakingly



sneakingly do you beg, — Remember the Poor, you sniveling Bitch ; Is that a Voice to dive to the Bottom of an Usurer's pocket, and fetch out his Money in spite of his harden'd Heart ? — Remember the Poor ! — Stand by, you Dog, and let me come to the Grate.

*Jack.* Dear Heart, Mr. *Padwell*, methinks we shou'd have little Stomach to beg, and are to be hang'd within these three Hours.

*Pad.* Why, you whining Cur, then we have the more Need to beg, that we may drink at Parting ; stand away and observe me now, with what a laudable Voice I'll move Compassion: — Christians, pity the poor Prisoners of this loathsom Dungeon, and it will be restored unto you ten Fold ; drop your Bounty into this little Box, the only Support, Relief, and Comfort of Twenty poor wretched Souls : Noble Sir, remember the Poor Prisoners

*Enter Mr. Thinkwell, gives Money, and goes in.*  
Heaven reward your noble Charity, and restore it to you forty and forty fold.

*Enter Freeman, Celia, and Miranda, they put Money in the Box, and go in*

Ha, Ladies alighted ! Most beautiful Ladies, dis-  
pence your noble Charity amongst Twenty mis-  
erable Wretches, oppress'd with Hunger and  
Cold : Merciful and fair, — pity the Miseries of  
unfortunate young Men, whose few short Hours  
of Life they have left, shall be employ'd in Pray-  
ers for our noble Benefactors. — O, remember  
the Poor ; — Ha, 'tis Gold ; nay now a short  
Life and a merry one, we'll have it all in Drink,  
Boys, and when the Hour comes, die like Heroes,  
sing the Psalm merrily, and then — be hang'd  
till

'till we are sober. [Exeunt from the Grate.

Scene a Chamber in Newgate. Enter Bevil, and Mr. Thinkwell.

Bev. No, Sir, I do not blush, nor are my Cheeks grown pale, tho' I'm condemn'd to die a shameful Death.

Think. No kind of Death is shameful but the Cause.

Bev. Which I well know is none; But is there no Hopes of a Reprieve?

Think. Not the least.

Bev. Upon my Honour, Sir, *Freeman* is safe, I have already satisfy'd you, how I came to say what I did, of his Death, to that fair false one;—sure some Lethargy has seiz'd him, that he appears not, or else he's mad. It cannot be Unkindness, and it wou'd grieve you, Sir, to see me die, and after find me innocent.

Think, By the Mass, and so it wou'd, —but to put you out of all these hanging Apprehensions, know *Freeman* is alive,—and here he comes himself to prove it.

Enter *Freeman*, *Celia*, and *Miranda*.

Bev. Ha! my Dear, unkind Friend, have you dealt well with me?

Free. I was resolv'd I wou'd be quits with you, for getting my Mistress from me, which by the way, I beg you wou'd forgive.

Bev. Ha, *Miranda*, here! Which way must I look!

Mir. Nay, do not, hide your Face, or turn away; I am wondrous glad to know where a Maid may find you, when she has need of you: And tho' these Chains are something easier than those



those of Matrimony, yet like a malicious Woman, I am for proposing a Change; what do you think on't? Dare you venture? Methinks it were no ungrateful Leap, from the Gallows into a fair young Lady's Arms; wou'd you not rather cry, drive away Carman, and sing your Penitential Psalm at the Gallows, than turn back and say for better, for worse?

*Bev.* And can you Madam, accept this Criminal Chains?

*Mir.* The sooner for that Reason, with my Uncle's leave; for I have a good Hank upon you, when you are Insolent, to upbraid you with the Place from whence I had you.

*Free.* He cannot but commend your Passion for him.

*Bev.* I am asham'd to be so much oblig'd.

*Cel.* Nay, leave the Shame to her.

*Mir.* Shame, I Laugh at it, and wou'd have believ'd it none, to have married *Bevil* under the Gallows,—therefore take my Hand, and bind the Bargain.

*Bev.* Thou art a noble Creature, and I am thine for ever: Now, Sir, I must sue to you for Pardon.

[*To Mr. Thinkwell.*

*Think.* Nay, I'm resolv'd, I'll be reveng'd of thee, and since you have escap'd the Hang-man, you shall be Noos'd by the Priest.

*Mir.* Hanging and Marrying, you see, go by Destiny.

*Think.* I'll have the Sentence put in Execution immediately; and the Ordinary shall do the Business; he can read the Ceremony, as well as set a Psalm, and will bring a Man to Repentance as soon as any one of his Function; come, we'll go down, and see what sort of a Figure my Neighbour

bour *Mixum* makes under his Misfortune, and release the two wicked Women; and in the mean time I'll send to *Doctors Commons*, for a Conjugal-Warrant, and commit you to the Custody of *Hymen*.

*Scene the Lodge of Newgate : The Keeper calls, then Enter, Corinna, Mother Griffin, Padwell, Harry, Jack, Tom, Mixum, and other Prisoners in Fetters, and Mrs. Mixum, and an Acquaintance of one of the Prisoners.*

*Keep.* Bring out the Prisoners that are order'd for Execution.

*Pad.* So, Mother Occupy, you are preparing for your Journey I perceive, are you equipt with a Nofegay and a Prayer Book? What do you Weep at, the Sins of your Youth, or the fear of a Halter? Now if you had kept within the bounds of your own Trade, Fornication and Adultery, and not proceeded to Murder, you would not have been fatigu'd with a Journey from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*.

*M. Griff.* Well, well, if I am to be hang'd, I can't help it, but my Comfort is, I shall die a good Protestant, and make a very decent End.

*Mix.* O Lord, little did I think of coming to this untimely Death.

*Pad.* Come prithee leave whineing, a Pox on thee, for a Chicken-hearted Son of a Whore, you are enough to make us all Cowards; I think 'tis a great Mercy you are to be hang'd in such good Company.

*Mix.* O Dear, how can you talk so, and are just going to leave the World?

*Har.* Will no good Christian give me a Draught of Drink, I am almost choak'd.

*Pad.* Have a little Patience, and you'll be quite



quite choak'd — Why, what hast thou lost thy Courage too, *Tom*, what dost thou cry for?

*Tom*. I don't Cry so much, because I am going to be hang'd ; but to think I have not Money to buy me a Coffin.

*Pad*. Never trouble thy self about that, my fond foolish Father has sent me a Coffin, but faith, I have bit the old Prig, and have sold my Body to the Surgeon, and so I'll equip thee with my Carrion-box.

*Tom*. Thank you, kindly, I wish I could do the same for you.

*Acquain*. Well *Roger*, I am sorry I can't stay and see the last of you, but I wish you a good Journey tho'.

*Pad*. Thank you, thank you, *Jack*, I wish you the same with all my Heart, but do you hear ; Pray remember my kind Love to my Brother *Sam*, and be sure tell him I dy'd like a Cock, damn'd hard. —

*Enter a Keeper.*

*Keep*. Here's good News for the two Women, the Gentleman who was thought to have been Murder'd, is now found, and in perfect Health.

*M- Griff*. Ha, then I am a Woman again, Heaven be thank'd for it. *Corinna*, I hope no Body has taken our House, it stood rarely well, Girl, for Business.

*Mix*. What, and is there no Hopes of a Reprieve for me ?

*Keep*. No. Sir, here's a good Man come to prepare you for t'other World.

*Mix*, Ay, dear Heart, then I am in a bad way indeed.

*Enter,*

*Enter, Vizard, as a Presbyterian Parson; Mr. Thinkwell, Freeman, Bevil, Celia, and Miranda.*

*Viz.* Friend, I was acquainted of thy Misfortune by thy Worthy and Laborious Pastor, Mr. *Zachariah Zealous*, who now lieth on a sick Bed, but having a great Concern for thy future Happiness, hath sent me to give thee some wholesom and spiritual Advice; to be as it were a Staff unto thee, for to take a great Leap, — as it were — thou know'st not whither.

*Free. Corinna*, 'twas Ridiculous of thee to think thou cou'dst engage me for ever; come, you must quit all Hopes of me now, and this vile Creature, this old Beldam, whose Wickedness, I believe, at first debauch'd thee, her thou shalt forsake; I think thou art in thy self something Nobler than most of thy Profession, however thy Love to me had plung'd thee into such wicked Designs, which Providence has prevented; if you think you can forgo your former Course of Living, I will take care to provide for you in a virtuous Manner.

*Cor.* Such Generosity must engage me, I am too sensible of my Misfortune, tho' what I did, my Love for you urg'd me to; however I hope my future Penitence will engage all your Pity and your Pardons.

*Mrs. Mix.* Well Husband, this is a very comfortable Man.

*Mr. Mix.* He is so, but good Mr. *Sanctity*, leave my Soul a little while to it self, and let me have some of your Council concerning my Body; I owe Mr. *Burnish*, the Goldsmith, Forty Pounds, and suppose now, when I am going to Execution,



Execution, he shoul'd be so unneighbourly to set a Serjeant on my Back.

*Viz.* Ah, trouble not your self, my Christian Brother, with transitory Things, but have an Eye to the main Chance. — *gPicks his Pocket.*

*Free.* See, *Bevil*, the Parson is picking the Fellow's Pocket.

*Bev.* Have Patience, we'll detect him by and by.

*Viz.* I'll warrant your Shoulders, — but as for your Neck, — *Plinius Secundus*, or *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, or somebody says, that a threefold Cord is hardly broken.

*Mix.* A very learned Man, this, — well, I am not the first honest Man that has been hang'd, and I hope in Heaven, shall not be the last.

*Mrs. Mix.* Ah, Husband, I little thought you shou'd have had need to have thought of Heaven so soon, — Oh, — if you had been hang'd deservedly, it wou'd never have vex'd me; for many an innocent Man, has been hang'd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing; Oh, Oh, Oh!

*Viz.* Comfort your self, good Mistress; moderate Grief is decent, you will shortly be a Widow, and I will come and visit you, and give you Christian Consolation.

*Mrs. Mix.* Thank you kindly, Sir, you shall be heartily Welcome to my House, by Day, or by Night. — (*turning to her Husband*)

*Do They or we, my Dear, the Halter find?*

*Mr. Mix.* They, to be sure, this Government is kind,

(*He Cries*)—But—O—Woman, Woman, why dost thou ask such a Question — They find the Halter, to be sure.

*Mrs. Mix.* Nay, I could not tell, but I brought one along with me, for fear of the worst

worst, [*Pulls a Halter out of her Pocket.*] O, Robin, thou hast been a dear good Husband to me, and I was not willing you should want for any Thing I could help you to.

Mr. Mix. O, thank you kindly, dear Peg.

Mrs. Mix. I bespoke it of my Neighbour Thong, the Collar-maker, and gave him a strict Charge to make a strong one; he sent it you upon his Word, and said he cou'd not have made a stronger, if it had been for his own Wife.

Mr. Mix. O Dear, he's a kind Man, and I am mightily beholden to all my Friends that are so ready to serve me at this Time.

Mrs. Mix. O my poor Dear Husband, I can't bear the Loss of you, — I shall, I shall break my Heart; O, I wish, I wish I were to be hang'd in your Room.

Mr. Mix. O, my Dear, I wish you were with all my Heart; but I have been a great Sinner, and can't expect such Mercy, that wou'd be a Happiness: — Well, I do here make Confession of all my Sins, before these good People, and do declare, — that if I owe any Man any thing I do heartily forgive him, and if any Man owes me any Thing, let him pay my Wife.

Mrs. Mix. Very good.

Mr. Mix. But, Sir, there is one Thing lies upon my Conscience a little, I can't tell whether it be a Sin, or no; you must know at the last Election for the City, I sold my Vote twice over, to both Parties, and Poll'd for neither, because I wou'd not disoblige any of my Customers, tho' if it be Sin, there are a great



great many of my Brother-Livery-men as guilty as my self.

*Viz.* Repentance, Repentance is the only Thing.

*Mr. Mix.* Here *Peg*, here are the Writings of that Rogue *Vizard's* Estate, who has brought me to this untimely End, — dear Writings to me: Take care of 'em, and now, good Yoke-fellow take leave of thy honest Husband.

*Mrs. Mix.* No, and please the Lord, I'll not leave you now, I'll see you hang'd first.

*Viz.* Ha, my Writings, now for a Trick of Dexterity, to retrieve those, and I am a Man again — [*Aside.*] But Brother, you must have been a broacher of profane Vessels, you have made us Drunk with the Juice of the Whore of *Babylon*; for whereas, good Ale, Perry, and Metheglin, were the True, Ancient, *British* and *Trojan* Liquors, You, have brought in *Papery*, meer *Papery*, *French*, and *Spanish* Wines, to Subversion, Staggering, and Overthrowing of many a good Protestant Subject.

*Free.* Ha, *Mr. Hypocrite*, have we caught you? *Mixum*, he has [*Picks her Pocket*] pick'd thine and thy Wife's Pocket,

*Bev.* By this Light 'tis *Vizard*! Who could have suspected a Rogue in this Habit?

*Free.* Who could have suspected any thing else in this Habit? 'Tis the tolerated Garb for Family-Pickpockets.

*Viz.* Dear Sir, endeavour to save my Life, and I'll tell all?

*Mr. Mix.* O Rogue, Rogue, Rogue! Why wou'd you have been so wicked to have taken away my Life?

*Viz.* To tell you the plain Truth, Sir, I believe I shou'd

I shou'd have let you been hang'd, before I had told of my self; but consider you had put me in a Condition of hanging or starving.—

*Enter a Keeper*

*Keep.* Mr. *Mixum*, here is a Pardon come down for you.

Mr. *Mixum*, Ah, Heaven be thank'd, but now Rogue I think I have you upon the Hip.

*Free.* Come *Mixum*, this good News shou'd stop all resentment, besides it were pity to hang the poor Fellow; consider he was born a Gentleman, and his Dishonesty was partly owing to your own Knavery, you unjustly kept the Mortgage of his Estate from him; and the Fellow must eat.

Mr. *Mix.* Well I will not prosecute the Rogue this time, tho' I know he'll be hang'd at last.

*Viz.* I thank you, Sir, but I'll disappoint your Prophecy, if possible: Desperate Diseases must have desperate Cures; I'll e'en Marry, and see if that will save me from the Gallows.

Mr. *Mix.* Say you so, why then to turn you honest, and make you amends for the Injustice I have done you, I'll give you my Daughter for a Wife, and a Thousand Pounds to maintain her, 'tis best to Capitulate with the Knave, or he'll rob me of as much as her Fortune comes to, and I shall have the Girl to maintain still.

*Viz.* What lovely *Nancy*! A warm Girl, faith, and kisses lushously: Sir, I accept of your Proposal.

Mr. *Mix.* Then here's the Mortgage of your Estate to bind the Bargain; and I'll leave off my Trade, and set thee up in my House; your Reputation is good enough to keep a Tavern, besides, I'll get you chose a Common-Council-man in a little time, and when you are in the Herd, your former Roguery will quickly be forgot.



## A Match in Newgate.

67

*Enter a Keeper.*

*Keep.* Sir, the Licence is come, and the Ordinary waits above.

*Think.* Come young Fellows, take your Girls by the Hands, and lead up to the little old Gentleman in Black,

*From this dire Place many to Death have gone,  
But to be Married very rarely one.*

*Bev.* Farewell my Troubles, and my Follies all,  
Reason returns, and I'll attend its Call.  
Virtue and Love are now together join'd,  
And shew me where I may true Pleasure find;  
Thus all, who'd happy be, I here proclaim,  
Must turn Love's Converts, and their Vice reclaim.



EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mother Griffin the Bawd.

**A**S oft you've known, when Tragick Scenes were  
(ended,  
Some beauteous Nymph has from the Grove ascended  
With Epilogue of Smut to recompence,  
The want of Passion, Humour, Wit, and Sence;  
So I, from Newgate Cloisters just set free,  
Am sent our Bays's Advocate to be,  
But, let me Die—I've been so scar'd of late,  
With Apprehensions of a hanging Fate;  
That I'm in better Cue to entertain,  
In tragick Airs, the solemn Paul Lorrain, {  
Than greet an Audience in a merry Strain.  
Then Business is so dull, as Heav'n shall hear me;  
I've not one Ounce of Comfort left to chear me;  
That damn'd Hide-Park has half undone my Trade,  
And robb'd our House of many a vig'rous Blade.  
Curse o'nt! all now that comes to pay my Rent is,  
From scribbling Lawyer's Clerks, and City Prentice;  
The swagg'ring Youths, Shop shut, and Office done  
Will now and then come down a merry Crown,  
But where's the Purchase of such sniv'ling Ninnies?  
Give me the full-pay Culls, that bring their Guineas:  
Then we can Treat, what need I care who know it,  
Some strong-back'd Pastor, or some favourite Poet.  
But I now talk of Poets, pray you spare  
Our this Night Stripling, and his Virgin Ware;  
And to requite the Favour you shall find  
Choice Girls with me—and Mother Griffin kind.

Dramatis





A

KEY

TO THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

IN A

LETTER

TO

*Caleb Danvers, Esq;*

*Totus mundus agit Histrionem;*

*Anglicè,*

*The Stage turns all the World to Ridicule.*

S I R,

I Sent you, some Months ago, an Account of the declining State of the *Royal, British Academy*, occasioned by the Disputes between the two famous *Rival Queens* and their contending *Factions*, whether the *first Part* in the *Opera* belonged to *Cuzzoni* or *Faustina*; which

which have been since carried to such an Height, that (like most other Animosities) they have almost brought that *mighty State* itself into Contempt. We have seen it dwindle by Degrees, for a Year or two past, till it is, at length, in a Manner, *deserted*, even by its greatest, quondam *Admirers, Subscribers and Directors*—O! *Tempora!* O! *Mores!* that ever the Theatre in the *Hay-Market* shou'd be obliged to yield to that in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields!*—that the coarse Ribaldry and vulgar Catches of a *Newgate Hero* shou'd prevail over the melodious Enchantments of *Senesino!* whilst the once celebrated *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina* lay aside their former Emulation, and, with united Resentment, behold the Palm of *Precedence* given to pretty Miss *Polly Peachum*—with a P!

I hope the *Beaumonde* will give me Leave to observe (which nothing but the present *melancholy occasion* could extort from me) that this is an undeniable Mark of a *vitiated Taste* and a *degenerate, licentious Age*, which delights in seeing Things of the greatest Importance turned to *Ridicule*. Who can help being surprized to find two of his Majesty's *Theatres* prostituted in this Manner, and made the popular Engines for conveying not only *Scandal* and *Scurrility*, but even *Sedition* and *Treason* through the Kingdom? Have we not, lately, seen the awful Solemnity of a *Coronation* openly burlesqued at both Theatres? Have not the *Nobles*, the *Prelates*, the *Judges* and *Magistrates* of the Land been personated by *Miller*, *Johnson* and *Harper* at one House; and by *Harlequin* and his Associates at the other? Have not *some Persons*, in a certain, *honourable Assembly*, been tra-



translated, for almost *thirty Nights* together, in the Character of a *wrong-headed Country Knight*, of *mean Intellects* and a *broken Fortune*? And, lastly, is not the *Opera-State* itself become the Subject of Mirth and Derision to *crowded and clapping Audiences*.

Though I am a *constant Spectator* of the *Beggar's Opera*, which affords me a *nightly Entertainment*, and have always had a great Respect for Mr. R—ch; yet I am often surprized at the late *unprecedented Insolence and Audaciousness* of that Gentleman; and have often wondered that such *Entertainments* are suffered to be exhibited, *Night after Night*, to the whole Town, with Impunity.—How could it enter into his Head to turn the *fine Songs* of the Opera into such high Ridicule? He knows very well who goes to, and takes Delight in those Diversions. It was impossible to think that all the Disappointments in the World could have transported Him to this Degree. But as the best Actions are liable to malicious and invidious Turns, this innocent Amusement of the—— must not escape the Ridicule of righteous Mr. R—ch.——Did He mean to insinuate by this, that nothing but Sing-song, empty Sound and Gesticulation please and recommend at an Opera? Or did He hope, that other, harsh Inferences would be made by the Disaffected, which I detest, and He dares not name?

It will, I know be said, by these *libertine Stage-Players*, that the Satire is general; and that it discovers a *Consciousness* of Guilt for any particular Man to apply it to Himself. But they seem to forget that there are such Things as *Innuendo's*, (a never-failing Method of

of explaining *Libels*) and that, when all the Town sees through their Design, it is unreasonable to suppose *those Persons only* incapable of understanding it, to whom it belongs to *punish* such Enormities. Nay the very Title of this Piece and the *principal Character*, which is that of an *Highwayman*, sufficiently discover the mischievous Design of it; since by this Character every Body will understand *One*, who makes it his Business arbitrarily to *levy* and *collect* Money on the People for his *own Use*, and of which he always dreads to give *any Account*—Is not this *squinting* with a Vengeance, and wounding *Persons in Authority* through the Sides of a *common Malefactor*?

But I shall go still deeper into this Affair and undertake to prove, beyond all Dispute, that the *Beggar's Opera* is the most venomous *allegorical Libel* against the *G——t* that hath appeared for many Years past.

There are some Persons, who esteem *Lockit*, the *Keeper*, or *prime Minister* of *Newgate*, to be the *Hero* of the Piece; to justify which Opinion, they take Notice that He is set forth, on the Stage, in the Person of Mr. *Hall*, as a very *corpulent*, *bulky* Man; and that he hath a *Brother*, named *Peachum*, who, as represented by Mr. *Hippfely*, appears to be a *little*, *awkward* *slovenly* Fellow. They observe farther that these *two Brothers* have a numerous Gang of *Thieves* and *Pick-pockets* under their Direction, with whom they divide the *Plunder*, and whom they either *screen* or *tuck up*, as their *own Interest* and the *present Occasion* requires——But I am obliged to reject this Interpretation as erroneous, however plausible  
it



It may be, and to embrace another, which is more generally received; viz. that Captain *Macheath*, who hath also a goodly *Presence*, and hath a tolerable *Bronze* upon his Face, is designed for the principal *Character* and drawn to asperse somebody in *Authority*. He is represented at the Head of a Gang of *Robbers*, who promise to stand by Him against all the *Enquiries* and coercive *Force* of the *Law*, He is often call'd a *Great Man*,——particularly in the two following Passages, viz. It grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man.—what a moving Thing it is, to see a Great Man in *Distress*; which by the Bye, seems to be an *Innuendo* that some Great Man will speedily fall into *Distress*. Soon after his first Appearance on the Stage, He is taken up and confin'd for a certain, slippery *Prank* on the Road; but hath the good Fortune to escape that Time, by the Help of a trusty *Friend*. He is afterwards retaken in much better *Plight* and *Apparel* than before, and ordered for *Execution*; which is prevented, for no other Reason that I can see, than that the Poet is afraid of offending the *Criticks*, by making an *Opera* end with a tragical *Catastrophe*; for he plainly tells us, that this Observance of *dramatick Rules*, in one Point, hath made Him violate *poetical Justice* in another, and spoil a very good *Moral*; viz. That the lower People have their *Vices* in a Degree as well as the Rich, and are punished for them,——*innuendo*, that rich People never are.

But herein, I confess, the Author seems to be somewhat inconsistent, by ranking his Hero *Macheath*, whom He had before called a *Great Man*, amongst the lower People. But this, per-

haps, might be done for a *Blind*; and then, no doubt, the *Reprieve* was brought in, to inculcate the same *Moral*, in a stronger *Manner*; viz. by an *Example* of a *Great Man*, and a notorious *Offender*, who escapes with *Impunity*.

His *satirical* strokes upon *Ministers*, *Courtiers* and *Great Men*, in general, abound in every Part of this most insolent *Performance*. In one place, where *Polly Peachum* acknowledges her Match with *Captain Macbeath*, her Father breaks out in a *Passion*, with these Words, *What, marry an Highwayman! why, he'll make as bad an Husband as a Lord*——*innuendo*, that all *Lords* make *bad Husbands*.——Soon after, when *Miss Polly* questions her Spouse's *Constancy*, he tells her that you might sooner tear a *Pension* out of the *Hands* of a *Courtier*, than tear *Him* from *Her*——*innuendo*, that all *Courtiers* have *Pensions*. In the following Song, the *Employment* of a *Statesman* is, by *innuendo*, made as bad or worse than that of *Jonathan Wild*, represented under the Character of *Peachum*; which he introduces by a general *Libel* on Men of all *Professions*, even the most *sacred*, in order to make that of a *Statesman* more black and vile.

Through all the *Employments* of *Life*,  
 Each *Neighbour* abuses his *Brother*,  
 Whore and *Rogue* they call *Husband* and  
 All *Profession* be-rogue one another. (Wife,  
 The *Priest* calls the *Lawyer* a *Cheat*,  
 The *Lawyer* be-knives the *Divine*;  
 And the *Statesman*, because *He's* so great,  
 Thinks his *Trade* as honest as mine.

The second *Act* begins with a Scene of *Highway-men*, drinking together, who solemnly promise



promise never to betray one another for Interest or any other Motive; upon which one of them gets up and says; *Shew me a Gang of Courtiers, who can say as much — innuendo, that Courtiers have less Honesty than Highway-men. — In another Place, It is said that our Gang can't trust one another any more than other People — innuendo —*

In a Scene between Peachum and his Brother Lockit, Peachum takes upon Him to say that He does not like these long Arrears of the G — t (innuendo, that the G — t is in Arrear) — Again, says he, can it be expected that we should hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. — Innendo, that some Persons have been well paid for saving, or screening their former Acquaintance. — He says farther that unless the People in Employment pay better (innuendo that they pay very badly) He shall let other Rogues live besides Theirs — innuendo that there are other Rogues. —

He goes on with observing that, in one Respect, their Employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, they encourage those, who betray their Friends; — which contains, by Innendo, a Confirmation of that ridiculous as well as scandalous vulgar Error, that great Statesmen frequently betray their Friends.

Upon this, Lockit advises him to be more guarded, and sings the following Air,

When you censure the Age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the Courtiers offended should be;  
If you mention Vice or Bribe,  
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe,  
Each cries — that was level'd at me.

I submit it, whether this is not a plain *Innuendo*, that every Courtier is corrupted either with Vice or a Bribe, or with Both?—For my part, if any of their *Persons*, who are thus infamously treated in this Piece, will think fit to employ me, I will undertake to do them Justice, notwithstanding the Aspersions which have been cast upon me as an Enemy to *Great Men*, and I think that I have still *Law* enough left to ground a *valid Information* upon it.

This is, I think, sufficient to demonstrate the malignant *Tendency* of this Piece, and of my own good *Intentions*.—What Reasons induce the *G*—— to be thus passive, under such repeated Insults, I do not take upon me to determine. But though I am far from wishing, as I know it will be objected, to see the *Liberty* of the Stage intirely abolished, yet I think such licentious *Investives* on the most polite and fashionable *Vices* require some immediate *Restraint*; for if they continue to be allowed, the Theatre will become the *Censor* of the Age, and no Man, even of the first *Quality* or *Distinction*, will be at Liberty to follow his *Pleasures*, *Inclinations* or *Interest* (which is certainly the *Birthingright* of every *Free Briton*) without Danger of becoming the *May-game* of the whole Town — I submit this to your sage Judgment,

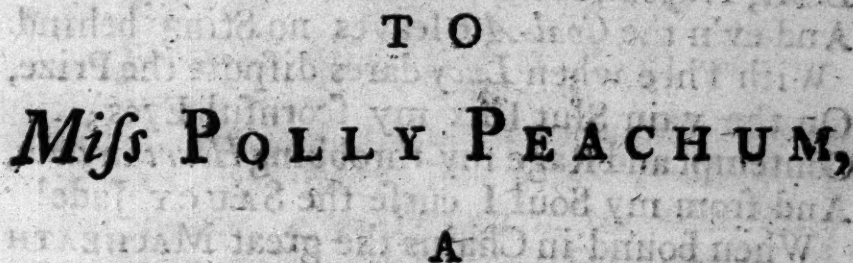
And am, S I R,

Your constant Reader and humble Servant,

PHIL. HARMONICUS.

TO





Written in Imitation of the Fourth  
Eclogue of *Virgil*.

*Sicelides Musæ, Paulo Majora canamus. VIRGIL.*

When on the Stage you act the moving Part,  
My *Ears* and *Eyes* conspire to rack my Heart;  
I gaze; I listen; and in Doubt am lost  
Which happy Faculty is ravish'd most; (Voice  
Thy *Charms* transport me, while I bless thy  
And in the general, loud Applause rejoice.

*Lebts*

## 78. To Miss POLLY PEACHUM.

*Debts, Pensions, Bribes* no more disturb my Mind,  
And ev'n the *Coal-Act* leaves no Sting behind.

With Thee when *Lucy* dares dispute the Prize,  
On the vain Slut I fix my scornful Eyes;  
Contempt and Rage my throbbing *Heart* invade,  
And from my Soul I curse the SAUCY Jade!

When bound in Chains the great MACHEATH  
(I see

Betray'd and sentenced to the fatal *Tree*,  
Mov'd with thy Tears, my Patriot-Fires decay,  
And publick Zeal to private Love gives Way,  
Compassion rises for the *Robbing Race*,  
And for thy Sake, I beg an *Act of Grace*.

But shall my Lips against the righteous Laws,  
Vouchsafe to plead a publick Robber's Cause?

Ah! no—since Justice dooms him to the Cart,  
Lethim be hang'd, that I may gain thy *Heart*—  
Yet how can I expect thy *Heart* to gain,

When *Nobles* sigh, and *Ribbons* tempt in vain?

Once more I long, with an impatient Heart,  
To see Thee act this dear, delightful Part?

When not in vain thou shalt thy Fate bemoan,  
The Rapture ours, the Benefit thy own.

Close in my Purse a *Guinea*, golden bright,  
I keep reserv'd for that expected Night;  
More would I give!—but what my Stars deny,  
Let *Courtiers* and contending *Peers* supply.

Nor groundless is the Hope—with Joy I see,  
*Courtiers* and *Peers* contend in praising Thee;  
Sooth'd with thy trilling Notes and warbling  
(Plights,

The Patriot and the Pensioner unites.

Ev'n thy own Sex thy shining Charms extol,  
And, young or old, acknowledge pretty Poll;  
While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,  
And Factions strive who shall applaud Thee most.

Newgate



# Newgate's GARLAND:

BEING

## A NEW BALLAD,

*Shewing, how Mr. Jonathan Wild's Throat  
was cut from Ear to Ear with a Pen-knife, by  
Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold High-  
way-man, as he stood at his Tryal in the Old  
Bailey, 1725.*

*To the Tune of The Cut-Purse.*

I.

**Y**E Gallants of *Newgate*, whose Fingers are nice,  
At diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice.  
Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,  
Ye honest poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,  
Attend and draw near,  
Good News ye shall hear,

How *Jonathan's* Throat was cut from Ear to Ear;  
How *Blueskin's* sharp Pen-knife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the *Old Bailey* this *Blueskin* was led,  
He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read:  
Loud rattled his Chains, near him *Jonathan* stood,  
For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.

Then hopeless of Life,

He drew his Pen-knife,

And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife.  
But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall appease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say, there are Courtiers of highest Renown,  
Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but a Crown;  
Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament Men,  
Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:

Let them all take their Swing,

To pillage the King,

And get a blue Ribbon instead of a String.  
Now *Blueskin's* sharp Pen-knife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

## IV.

Knaves of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning Inventions  
Call'd Briberies, Grants; and plain Robberies, Pensions ;  
Physicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees  
To be learned Rogues) call'd their Pilfering, Fees ;

Since this happy Day,  
Now every Man may,

Rob (as safe in Office) as on the Highway.  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

## V.

Some Cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,  
But he who robs Both, is esteemed most wise ;  
Church-Wardens, too prudent, to hazard the Halter,  
As yet, only venture to steal from the Altar :

But now to get Gold,  
They may be more bold,

And rob on the Highway, since *Jonathan's* cold.  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

## VI

Since by publick Revenues, which pass'd thro' their hands,  
Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dirty Lands,  
Some to steal from a Charity think it no Sin,  
Which, at home (says the Proverb) does always begin ;

But if ever you be  
Affign'd a Trustee,

Treat not Orphans like Masters of the Chancery,  
But take the Highway, and more honestly seize,  
For every Man round me may rob, if he please,

## VII.

What a pother has here been with *Wood* and his Brass,  
Who would modestly make a few Half-pennies pass ?  
The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,  
For *Diomed* changed his Copper for Gold.

But if *Ireland* despise,  
Thy New Half-pennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road, I advise  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Pen-knife has set Thee at Ease,  
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

